

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 203.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

[VOL. IX.

## THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD.

IN continuation of our series of Old Houses of historical or family interest, we give a view of the homestead where our veteran poet, William Cullen Bryant, was born, in Novem-

ber, 1794. This venerable house is situated in Cummington, among the highlands of the western part of Massachusetts, between the Connecticut and the Housatonic Rivers, and not far from the source of the north branch of the Westfield. A few years ago Mr. Bryant purchased his youthful home, which is now fitted up for a summer residence.

Cummington is situated on a broad highland region, between the Connecticut and the

Sound. In Massachusetts the western half of these highlands lies in the county of Berkshire, and the eastern half in the counties of Hampden, Hampshire, and Franklin. Cummington lies a little east of the summit-ridge, and from its eminence may be descried the summits of the hills which form the eastern border of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut.



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Housatonic, which rises to a height of about two thousand feet above the sea. To the north this elevated region extends to the Green Mountains of Vermont; to the south it reaches Connecticut, where its hills gradually subside as they approach Long Island

Sound. In Massachusetts the western half of these highlands lies in the county of Berkshire, and the eastern half in the counties of Hampden, Hampshire, and Franklin. Cummington lies a little east of the summit-ridge, and from its eminence may be descried the summits of the hills which form the eastern border of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut.

One of the most charming views of the

old homestead is from the hill standing to the west. Below is the old house, with an avenue of fine sugar-maples leading to it from the north, and one also from the south-east. To the west and north of the house, on the edges of a rivulet, stands a semicircle of evergreens—spruce, pine, hemlock—which form a protecting screen from the cold blasts of winter. To the north of the house is an old apple-orchard, planted when the house was built, the trees of which are now past bearing, but whose great, irregular, bare branches form a study for the painter and the lover of the picturesque. Many of them have been lately cut down, and the axe will soon be laid to the roots of the rest. This orchard was the favorite play-ground of the poet when a boy, and many are the associations connected with the spot.

The avenue of trees to the north was a familiar walk of the poet. It leads to a pleasant little grove north of the orchard, and beyond the grove it reaches an eminence swept by every wind that blows, from which the eye looks down into the narrow wooded valley, where the Westfield, unseen, flows on its way to the Connecticut. Beyond the eminence a steep pathway conducts the explorer to Johnno Brook, a brawling stream, in a rocky dingle, so narrow and deep that, in some parts of it, the sun rarely shines. The stream hurries down a steep descent, to mingle with the quiet waters of the Westfield. On the banks of this brook are evergreens and tall birches, that overshadow it; there is coolness here in the hottest days of summer; and to this place the poet was fond of resorting.

The homestead needs no special description. The room which visitors usually inquire after is a little chamber occupied by the boy-poet, the window of which opens to the west. Over this is a cockloft, where—so generally the case in houses that admit of the genuine childhood luxury—the children gathered for play in inclement weather. All that is known of the history of this house is, that it was erected by Ebenezer Snell, the maternal grandfather of the poet, a stern old Puritan magistrate, who dealt out justice to the pioneer settlers. Near it stood a whipping-post, which Mr. Bryant recalls; and he speaks of having seen, just after his punishment, the last culprit who was flogged there. The house came into the possession of Dr. Peter Bryant, father of the poet, who married a daughter of Squire Snell, as he was popularly called.

## A SPIDER AND A FLY.

ON a certain momentous morning, in the earlier part of August, and in the year—never mind when (that convenient epoch upon whose obliging back so many chroniclers lay the burdens of so many events)—I sit with my sister, Leonora, in our snug third-story back-room, at Mrs. Petty-penny's boarding-house, staring fixedly at a letter.

Leonora is also staring at it, over my shoulder. Poor old nervous thing, it is even more of a bomb-shell to her than to me. By-

the-way, the pen which has so little decency as to write down Leonora as old, deserves to dip in nothing but an inferior quality of ink for the rest of its penhood. Her age has for a long time been one of those pretty, provoking mysteries which should merely lend piquancy to its possessor—provided she be a female. Besides, if Leonora would only believe that eye-glasses are a disfigurement, and that those effete-looking ringlets at either temple are not in thorough obedience to the demands of our reigning fashion, she would really be a right well-favored maiden.

"Of all surprises," I presently find voice, "this is the most prodigious one capable of happening. I've not even seen the woman more than three times, and here she writes for me to come and visit her at—at—what is the name of her country-place, Leo?"

"Fernfell," supplies Leonora, absently, having taken the letter from my hand; "such a charming name, Charlotte, isn't it? Like a novel, you know."

I make an abrupt plunge toward the letter with my right hand, whisking it from both of Leonora's. My meek sister stands dumb with astonishment, a maltreated look on her face, and a fragment of note-paper between one thumb and its concomitant finger.

"You're perfectly familiar already," I snap, "with the contents of this letter. Now, Leo, give me your frank opinion—what do you think it means? I suppose you've not forgotten that lunch-party of Aunt Edith's, to which I received the signal compliment of an invitation, just before she left for Europe in May last? (Goodness knows, Leo, we ought to recollect it, you and I! For myself, I've a vivid remembrance of how I cried big tears when we found out, after hours of turning and twisting, that no amount of perseverance would make a certain garment trail the floor as if it were not afraid of getting stepped on; and of how at last a gleam of sun broke from the clouds, and your clever little fraud with the trimmings made it seem precisely as though somebody had said, 'Let there be blue silk,' and there was blue silk.) Well, among the many impressive female dignitaries who patronized this lunch-party of Aunt Edith's, there was one to whom I had had the honor of being presented several months before. That lady was the Mrs. Lemuel Cameron, who now writes to me. Age, I should suppose, about thirty-three; general appearance—"

"Yes," ventures Leonora, timidly, feeling the triad of curls at her left temple; "you told me all this when you met her."

"Never mind that," I rumble, solemnly, waving my letter in air, with a gesture of blended force and grace. "I am laying the matter before you in all its glaring oddity; summing up, as a lawyer would say. If you again presume to interrupt me, Leonora, until the termination of my remarks, there is no telling where, nor to what awful extent, I may pinch you."

Leonora gives a little pleading scream. She has reason to cower, poor martyr, beneath any threat of personal violence emanating from me. It is only the unwounded, we well know, who ever cast contempt at scars.

"Well," I resume, augustly, "this Mrs.

Lemuel Cameron, whom I had met at Aunt Edith's previous to the present lunch-party, made herself very nice to me. I remember fancying at the time that Aunt Edith had set her up to all the amiability she manifested."

"Pshaw, Charlotte! you've such morbid ideas," disobeys Leonora. "She was nice simply because she liked you. Remember, there are some people who say there is downright beauty in those limpid eyes of yours, and that queer, bronze-colored hair."

"Tut, tut!" I scowl, trying not to show how flattered I am. (Compliments from Leo are such ridiculous rarities.) "Whether Mrs. Cameron liked me or not, it seems absurd to fancy that she should have asked me up to visit her—to stay till I get bored," as the letter says—with no other motive than that of personal liking. Besides, Leo, these grand people don't go by their preferences; it's generally *who* you are, not *what* you are. Aunt Edith is a fair specimen of the whole class. Our neiceship to her is a tiny feather in the scale against the ponderous counterbalancing truth of our poverty and our obscurity. If you and I were penniless orphans, instead of orphans with enough to make ourselves decently comfortable upon, very possibly our superb relative would long ago have disdained us altogether. By-the-by, I wonder how Mrs. Cameron discovered our address, with Aunt Edith in Europe, and our names not possessing the privilege of enrolment in any metropolitan directory that I have yet encountered?"

"I dare say she has heard from some of the servants who are taking care of Aunt Edith's house. And then there are other ways." Leonora fixes her eyes in a sort of ransacking manner upon my face. "I somehow fancy that you don't at all want to go, Charlotte dear."

"You fancy with amazing correctness. I scarcely know the person."

Leonora gives a troubled little sigh.

"It can't hurt you to improve the acquaintance of such a grandee. You and I may be conferring a pointed favor upon Mrs. Cameron by knowing her, but—"

"No silly sarcasm, please. I shall perpetrate an exhaustive pinch upon you if your sentence is continued. My next reason is powerful. I don't care to leave you alone."

Leo looks genuinely sad.

"I shall bear it for a little while as well as I'm able," she presently decided. "That is, if you write often. Any other reason?"

"Yes. A dizzying objection this time. Don't attempt to surmount it. Clothes Leo."

Leonora's head droops itself floorward until the six effete curls look as if they have had a serious quarrel with her scalp, and have resolved henceforward to find other companionship. Presently, she lifts her head again by means of one abrupt jerk, and makes me this laconic announcement:

"We shall manage that."

We do manage it, and I go to visit Mrs. Lemuel Cameron a few days later. Just here it occurs to me that the most effective way of continuing my story is to make it assume an epistolary form.

Accordingly, I shall begin by transcribing my first

LETTER TO LEONORA.

“FERNFELL, July 10, 18—.

“DEAR LEO: I respect my affidavit about writing immediately. It is now half-past ten in the evening, and I am seated in a lovely little bedroom of this lovely big house, prepared to chronicle what has transpired.

“Mrs. Cameron meets me at the depot. Her costume is so smart in the way of white, fluted muslin and pink ribbons, that I feel strongly flattered as soon as I see her elbowing her way to me along the rather-crowded platform. As for her welcome, it leaves nothing to be desired. She assumes all charge of my luggage, giving my check to the baggage-master, and certain low-voiced orders besides. Then she draws my arm within hers (while looking dainty, and pink-ribboned, and patrician, to such a striking extent, Leo, that I can't help mutely commenting, ‘What have I done to deserve this honor?’), and we walk together in the direction of a charming little four-seated carriage, and two of the prettiest ponies conceivable. By the side of the carriage waits a tall gentleman with a slight yellow mustache; conceited-looking, but handsome. I don't exactly know why I have made such haste to mention the yellow mustache; possibly because it is rendered rather conspicuous by its owner's dark clothing. Then you will remember I have always had a liking for them. Dear me! what bad English! ‘Them’ refers to yellow mustaches, not dark clothing.

“Of course, I haven't the ghost of a doubt, Leo, that I am in the presence of Mr. Cameron. My hostess flings that doubt to the four winds, however, by presenting the gentleman as Mr. Forsythe. He immediately helps me into the wagon (by-the-by, how intensely disagreeable it is for young, strong, non-rheumatic girls to be ‘helped’ in this A B C matter!), and, after Mrs. Cameron has taken a seat next me, jumps up himself beside the coachman.

“He is silent as a sphinx during the drive to Fernfell; and, as far as concerns even once turning round, he avoids such an action as though his resultant change into a pillar of salt were a matter of the most complete certainty. But Mrs. Cameron is very talkative and pleasant. I sha'n't record every thing—I shall record only a little, on second thought—that this amiable person says. It would not amuse you, Leo. It is all lady-like platitudes, weightless, and trifling, and foam-like.

“A little while before the carriage enters the gate of Fernfell, she mentions her husband. I feel rather relieved to learn that there is a husband, and look interested.

“He never goes to town during the summer,” she proceeds, in low, prattling tones—tones that strike me as purposely made inaudible to Mr. Forsythe. “He is very queer about his passionate love for the country and retirement, and all that, you know. But this isn't his only queer quality, my dear. I dare say that some of his eccentric ways will quite astonish you.” Then there is a little pause, during which I try to look conventionally

anxious for what is coming next; though it must be owned that I am not eager to hear what I do not doubt will prove the description of some very commonplace eccentricity on Mr. Cameron's part. ‘Now, if you will believe it,’ my informer presently goes on, smiling as though her subject were one of the most richly amusing nature, ‘he has somehow gotten an idea into that odd old head of his that—but you will think it so strange if I tell you. Perhaps you will think it a little rude.’

“I look at her with wide eyes. ‘Oh, no, though; of course you won't. Why should you?’ Mrs. Cameron throws back her head and perpetrates a soft little peal of laughter, as if her mysterious joke were funny beyond conception. ‘He actually believes, my dear, that you and Mr. Forsythe, here’ (pointing to Mr. Forsythe, and whispering risibly), ‘have known each other for a long time; and very well indeed at that! Think of it!’

“I certainly must be wearing the demeanor of one who is thinking of it, Leo. ‘Known each other!’ I presently murmur, in an amazed style. ‘What gave him such an idea, Mrs. Cameron? And did not you immediately correct it?’

“Mrs. Cameron possesses herself very fondly of one of my hands. ‘Ah, you don't know him! When he has once gotten a fancy of this sort firmly fixed in his mind, all the world couldn't alter it.’ Here a faint look of pain crosses her face. ‘I suppose you will understand without my speaking much more plainly;’ and she touches her forehead with a quick, meaning gesture. ‘It is a great trial to me; though I laughed about it a moment ago. But one gets more or less accustomed to these sad matters; and then, he isn't noticeably queer in every thing. Sometimes there is nothing strange in his behavior for days together.’

“An extremely awkward silence. The carriage enters the gate-way of Fernfell. ‘What charming grounds!’ I take the opportunity of exclaiming. Mrs. Cameron begins to fondle my hand for a second time. ‘Promise me something, my dear. Will you?’

“‘Certainly,’ I assent; ‘if it is in my power to do so.’

“‘Don't contradict my husband if he speaks of your imagined intimacy with Mr. Forsythe. He would only get offended, and suspect that you were trying to deceive him. Mr. Forsythe has given up all thought of changing his opinion. Promise me that you will merely let matters take their present harmless course. It may save me worlds of annoyance, and you worlds of useless embarrassment.’

“Mrs. Cameron's whisper has become almost eagerly pleading; her palm presses mine with a force that bespeaks strong anxiety. What can I do, Leo? Common politeness makes me answer as promptly as possible, ‘You have my promise, Mrs. Cameron. I shall say nothing.’

“As we are getting out of the carriage a little gray man appears on the piazza, holding a huge book under his arm, and wearing a pair of gold spectacles. I have scarcely left the carriage before he has hurried forward to possess himself of my hand, and to shake it

with pronounced cordiality, peering into my face at the same time over parapets of spectacles, and, in a brisk, rasping, not unpleasant voice, making me the following statements: ‘Glad to see you, miss; delighted to see you. Hope your little trip here will be of benefit in every way. Change of air and scene often works wonders; though you look healthy enough, miss, to need neither. Such an in-doors body myself, that you'll have to depend on Mrs. Cameron and Mr. Forsythe for your drives, walks, etc. However, feel sure you'll find them capital entertainers.’

“So far so well, Leo. Even with the memory of Mrs. Cameron's significant little point foreheadward yet very fresh in my mind, it isn't a whit terrifying to find myself standing beside this small, gray-locked gentleman and hearing nothing of a more insane character than his rapid stream of genial sentences, wherefrom, as though it had committed some deadly misdemeanor, the pronoun of the first person is rigidly excluded. But, after he has mentioned Mr. Forsythe's name, affairs promptly wear a more disagreeable look. He winks at me. He presses my hand while shaking it. The fine little labyrinth of wrinkles at either corner of his mouth seem doing their best to conceal a sly smile. My heart begins to beat with nervous embarrassment, if not terror. A miserable instinct teaches me what is coming. And it comes. And, while it comes, bad luck so manages that Mr. Forsythe, with his conceited appearance and sphinx-like deportment, shall be gazing straight in my direction.

“‘Old friends, it appears, you and Mr. Forsythe, eh?’ At this point in his remarks our host scans the face of each guest with searching though rapid scrutiny. It is perhaps needless to add, Leonora, that I become tomato-color.

“‘Not such very old friends, Lemuel,’ objects Mrs. Cameron, gently. Then, addressing me: ‘It is nearly dinner-time, my dear. We dine as early as five in the country. I had better at once show you to your room.’

“‘Thanks,’ I manage, furious at myself for blushing so hotly; and especially furious because Mr. Forsythe looks self-possessed enough to make me suspect that he is indifferent as granite to all which is passing.

“But Mr. Cameron is not to be repressed so easily. He has dropped my hand a little while ago, yet the subject of my supposed friendship with his guest is something that he evidently does not propose to drop. ‘My dear Miss Forbes,’ he resumes, the instant his wife has finished speaking, ‘you must believe that I feel much gratified by the fact of your previous acquaintance with Mr. Forsythe. It will make your visit far pleasanter than if you were both strangers to each other.’ After which he bows with such a sincerity of courteousness that I should surely pity him for being the victim to so sad a delusion, if embarrassment would leave me capable of feeling pity at this precise moment.

“Mrs. Cameron has the mercy now to come forward and draw my arm within hers, saying something more about its being nearly dinner-time.

“As soon as she has gotten me up-stairs, I am on the point of telling her what an awk-



ward ordeal her husband's remarks have been to me; but somehow she makes herself so voluble on the subject of a hundred trifles, that I can find no good opportunity for touching at all upon the matter.

"Dinner (an exquisitely-served meal, Leo) passes off quite pleasantly. Mr. Cameron makes no more ridiculous allusions. Mrs. Cameron talks a great deal. I talk to a creditable extent. Of Mr. Forsythe I can state with pleasure that he finds his mislaid tongue many distinct times. Once or twice he even condescends to address me. His idea of his own importance does not seem so superincumbent as I had at first believed it. I should fancy him to be a man who has been hurt (if hurt at all) by too much feminine admiration.

"We are going to take a little stroll about the grounds, Lemuel," Mrs. Cameron informs her husband as we rise from the table. "You don't want to come, I suppose?"

"Lemuel does not want to come. 'Miss Forbes will be of the party?' he questions, with a certain emphasis about the sentence that surprises me a trifle.

"Shall I say that something else rather surprises me, Leo, just here? For not longer than a second Mrs. Cameron and Mr. Forsythe exchange glances. That is an ordinary statement enough, I am clearly aware. But they exchange them (or, am I wrong?) in a peculiar way.

"Certainly," Mrs. Cameron hastens. "I trust you are not too tired, my dear?"

"Indeed, no," I make prompt response. The prospect of being left alone with a person of questionable sanity is not at all nice to me: besides, I want the walk.

"We have not gotten twenty yards from the house when Mrs. Cameron gives a little shiver. 'What a damp evening for July!'

"Decidedly damp," assents Mr. Forsythe.

"I am so glad I wore my shawl," she rambles on, pleasantly. Then she turns and glances at my shoulders. 'You should have been similarly provided for, my dear. It was so thoughtless of me. If I knew of a shawl being anywhere on the ground-floor, I should send Mr. Forsythe to get it.'

"Thanks—I smile—but I am really not at all in need of one."

"Mrs. Cameron ceases walking. As a matter of course, her companions, one on each side of her, cease also. 'My dear' (with a smile that is a sugar-plum), 'I would not dare have you go without one. Let me think; what can I get you that is not too heavy? You must have something!'

"Naturally, Leo, I think of my black-silk jacket. 'Since you insist,' I laugh, 'let me run back and find the required article?'

"But, my dear, your trunk is not yet unpacked."

"I have only to unlock it, and find what I want; that is, if my trunk has arrived yet."

"Yes; it came while we were at dinner. But I am giving you so much trouble."

"No trouble," I answer, amiably, starting for the piazza.

"It does not take me long to reach my room, unlock my trunk, and array myself in the jacket. But, while I am hurrying toward the front-door again, through the lower hall,

an odd thing happens. Mr. Cameron, emergent from a side-door, meets me face to face.

"Miss Forbes!" he exclaims, in short, sharp tones, his gray eyebrows surprisingly lifted, 'how's this? Thought you'd gone to walk with Mr. Forsythe and my wife.'

"His manner is full of brusque harshness. Under ordinary circumstances, I should merely look upon him as a rude little man. As it is, I think of Mrs. Cameron's foreheadward finger, remember what proof I have since received of the justice of the gesture, and feel myself getting somewhat frightened in consequence.

"Rather stammering I explain matters. Over their parapets of spectacles, his keen eyes stare at me through the dim evening light. 'Why didn't she come in herself and get you a wrap?' he gruffly wants to know, when I have finished.

"I am hardly decided whether to laugh or look offended. 'There were none that she knew of down-stairs,' I begin, 'and—'

"He cuts me short with an impatient wave of the hand. 'Very well. See how it is. Excuse my hasty manner, please;' and now his voice softens. 'Have odd fancies, sometimes, and had one just then. Never mind what it was. Don't wish to detain you any longer.'

"But I don't move a step, Leo, although he evidently desires it. You know I am not a fool about seeing through things. You know I'm very often very far from a fool. What looks like a thorough millstone for opaqueness will now and then turn transparent as crystal, if Common-sense only lifts her candle high enough for a body to have a good glimpse of it.

"Common-sense favors me now in this luminous manner. I look at Mr. Cameron with a quiet fixity about my gaze that has certainly not belonged to it before. 'Yes,' I plunge; 'your fancies, Mr. Cameron, are a little odd occasionally, I feel like venturing to judge. For example, you have somehow conceived the idea that Mr. Forsythe and I are old friends of each other.'

"His huge book (I forgot to mention that the huge book is under his arm now as formerly) falls on the floor with a violent thud.

"You don't mean to tell me that you are not?" he cries. 'My wife and Mr. Forsythe both said so.' And, beneath his gathered gray brows, his powerful little eyes fairly blaze at me.

"I am not yet quite sure of my ground. He may be crazy, or he may not. That significant finger may have told the truth, or it may have lied. Accordingly, my next step, Leo, is taken with caution.

"Oh, I didn't say that we were unacquainted with each other; but 'old friends' has so strong a meaning, you know. However, I referred, Mr. Cameron, to your fancying that we had met before, without either your wife or Mr. Forsythe having mentioned the matter."

"He seems intensely puzzled.

"Don't understand you a bit. You can't mean that neither my wife nor Mr. Forsythe told me you and he were friends."

"No; of course not," I exclaim, 'since we are.' (Parenthetically, Leo, what do you

think of that for a downright, brazen falsehood?) 'But I mean, Mr. Cameron, that you oddly became possessed of an idea to this effect before receiving such information either from your wife or Mr. Forsythe.'

"He laughs with ridicule.

"Where did you learn that precious piece of news? Not from Mrs. Cameron, certainly; nor from Mr. Forsythe; you must have dreamed it, miss."

"I feel that my voice trembles a little, from sheer excitement, as I go on:

"Perhaps I have misunderstood. But I had supposed"—then follows a slight break in my sentence, Leo; my eyes drop to the floor, and my hands begin to fumble nervously with each other—"I had supposed, Mr. Cameron, that Mr. Forsythe, for certain reasons, you know, would have said nothing about our previous acquaintance." Here I glance coily up at his face. 'It is really nothing at all important; excuse my mentioning it.'

"He falls directly into the trap I have laid for him. The next instant he has given me just the information which I desired.

"Aha, Miss Forbes! Begin to see the drift of your remarks. Well, well, whatever mysterious little reasons you have regarding Mr. Forsythe's silence' (with an exceedingly knowing wink), 'comfort yourself in the reflection that he said very little indeed one way or another. Not long ago my wife announced your intended visit, he being present at the time. Also mentioned your former acquaintance with him. From something on Mrs. Cameron's face, from something in the tone of Mr. Forsythe's voice while acknowledging that acquaintance, was led to believe—well, precisely what seems to have been the proper thing. Eh, Miss Forbes?'

"I hang my head very low, and try to look the picture of maidenly bashfulness.

"Promise me, sir," I murmur, 'that you won't speak of our conversation this evening either to Mrs. Cameron or to—'

"He laughs good-naturedly.

"Shan't say a word about it. Be sure of that. Now go and join the others. They'll be wondering what has become of you."

"I leave him stooping to pick up his fallen book, and hurry out upon the piazza. Between a gap in some rose-vines that clamber about the piazza edges, I see Mrs. Cameron and Mr. Forsythe at quite a distance off, sauntering slowly along the dark-green evening-shadowed lawn. Her head is bent groundward in a graceful way. He is twirling his stout walking-stick either meditatively or nervously; anyhow, rapidly.

"By this time, Leo, my last doubt has vanished. The mystery of why I was ever asked here at all has found a complete solution. My blood boils when I think of it; my blood is indeed keeping up a mild perpetual simmer.

"Of course, you see the facts clearly: Mrs. Cameron is a flirt, with that domestic inconvenience, a jealous husband, who always stays at home. This man Forsythe represents her present 'affair.' Dust is required for the husband's eyes. I am the dust.

"I suppose that by this time you are purple in the face, Leo. You ought to be,



if you are not. Common, sisterly sympathy demands it. I, as the correct combination of obscurity and stupidity, have been selected by this insolent creature for a sort of screen, behind which she can commit all her atrocious capers with impunity. I am being made use of in the vilest manner conceivable. While I stand on the piazza and watch them this evening, I can imagine that they speak of me in jeering tones; or that they condescend even to pity me for not knowing the part I have been set to play; or that they both agree I will 'answer' admirably, being quick, commonplace, and tractable.

"Well, well," I think, grinding my teeth, Leo, and justifying in every manner the alarming statement which you once made about my being possessed of a fiend's temper, 'Mrs. Cameron is the spider and I am the fly. But, though she has lured me nicely within her web, she shall find me, after all, a dangerous kind of captive. Henceforward, let all my energies be concentrated on the one object of behaving like a genuine blue-bottle. If she doesn't wish herself well rid of me before many days are past, I shall be badly mistaken.'

"And therewith I leave off grinding my teeth, and force a smile upon my unwilling face, after the manner of the girls in novels. When sure that I am once more presentable, I join my hostess and her friend.

"For the next twenty minutes or so I show myself to both of them in amazingly new colors. I laugh my musical best—and my musical loudest. I give every bright saying that seeks it the freest labial egress. I fire delicate little arrows of fun at Mr. Forsythe, who can only manipulate his tawny mustache, for answer, in wordless astonishment. I put an arm round Mrs. Cameron's waist, and call her a dear, sweet thing for asking me to Fernfell, and make believe that I don't see her smileless smile and her generally ill-at-ease behavior. To be brief, Leo, I am as noisy, as nice, and as self-asserting as you have ever seen me, only with a difference between now and former times. At heart, I have nothing but revengeful bitterness—the bitterness of gall and of worm-wood.

"Mrs. Cameron and I have an account to settle with each other. I have thrown my whole soul into the contest. Succeeding letters must show you how it is to be waged. Perhaps, by-the-by, you will not receive many letters; I question whether I shall have time during my visit to write you at all frequently after this.

"And this, you will agree, has already become an enormity. It is fortunate that I have thin note-paper and can write, when I choose, microscopically.

"A few words more. After we have returned to the house, Mrs. Cameron goes upstairs (possibly to recover in privacy from the enervating shock which I have caused her), and remains away for quite a while. Mr. Forsythe and I occupy the time during her absence in talking right pleasantly with each other. I told you, a page or two back, what I have concluded to think about him. He has thorough-bred manners, and is excellent company.

"Mrs. Cameron at length joins us, looking entirely her former careless, affable self.

"You must pardon my having stayed away so long," she begins; 'but—'

"Pray don't ask us to pardon you," I break in, lightly. 'During your absence Mr. Forsythe and I have amused each other with very good success. It was so easy, you know, for us to get acquainted. We were, so to speak, intimate friends before we had met one another.'

"I draw out those last words with a sort of amiable sarcasm. Under my lids I manage to see Mrs. Cameron flush ever so faintly, and bite her lip ever so slightly. Does she suspect that I suspect? Perhaps.

"Not until my hostess goes up-stairs to bed, Leo, do I go up-stairs to bed. They have not had a single private word with each other since their little stroll upon the lawn, unless there is some such arrangement between them that, when Mrs. Cameron crosses the room, she makes a remark, and when Mr. Forsythe uses his pocket-handkerchief, he is answering it.

"Good-by. Don't expect me to write for several days yet. Please remember not to give my love (as you probably will do, you absurd old peace-maker!) to any of those underbred gossips who people the boarding-establishment of Mrs. Pettypenny. Keep all the love for yourself. CHARLOTTE.

"P. S.—Feed the bird regularly.—C."

#### LETTER II.

"FERNFELL, July 14, 18—.

"HAVE you been worrying yourself about me, dear Leo, for the past four days? Such behavior on your part was supremely unnecessary. The fly has not yet been devoured by her spidership. Far from it. Let me give you as condensed yet satisfactory an account as I am able, concerning what has passed those four days.

"I wrote you on Thursday night, did I not? Well, on Friday morning I appear below-stairs in excellent time for breakfast. I haven't taken my first sip of coffee (such coffee, Leo! Mrs. Pettypenny's trash, when compared with it, is 'as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine') before discovering that Mr. Cameron is in a most benign humor. As for his wife, she is striving creditably to make us think the same of her; but counterfeited gayety never, in my opinion, has the art to conceal art.

"The cause of Mr. Cameron's good-humor is revealed shortly after breakfast. I have followed Mr. Forsythe brazenly into the sitting-room, determined that our hostess shall not secure a moment of his unadulterated company. We are saying civil nothings to each other when Mr. Cameron joins us.

"Ah, Miss Forbes' (rubbing hand over hand and smiling enormously).

"Ah, Mr. Forsythe. Continuing that conversation of last night, eh? Peeped through the door and saw you together just before my bedtime. Sorry to disturb you now' (with an indubitable wink at both of us), 'but came to get a book of mine. Quite a large book. Left it here this morning. Seen it? Much obliged, much obliged' (this to Mr. Forsythe, who had handed him the ponder-

ous tome in question). 'Sorry to trouble you. Going now. Hope my coming in hasn't bothered you much.' Two more indubitable winks, and exit Mr. Cameron.

"Yesterday I should have been trembling with embarrassment by this time. To-day I don't even change color.

"Wouldn't it be nice,' I ask, absently, 'if we enjoyed each other's society as much as Mr. Cameron thinks we do?'

"He looks nonplussed at first. Next he smiles rather engagingly, and draws his chair ever so much closer to mine. Leo, he's a tearing flirt. I see it in his eyes now; and, Heaven knows, I have evidence of it a little later!

"And why shouldn't we realize for ourselves,' he begins, 'this ideal (if I may call it so) of Mr. Cameron's?' That has rather a clever sound, has it not? But, ah! you should just hear the manner in which it is said! 'Pray be assured,' he goes on, with a voice that I have discovered he can make all rhythm and richness when he wants it so—'pray be assured, Miss Forbes, that I shall do my best toward hastening such a pleasant consequence—provided it is possible.'

"Never mind what I say, then. Never mind what he answers. If told, you would shudder at your near relationship to such a bold, unmaidenly vixen. Perhaps you would even have keen desires to come up here and bring me home—if I would go; which I wouldn't. Remember that, like Judith of old (happy simile! I so seldom can hit off these things nicely)—like Judith of old, you will permit me to repeat, I am hiding a noble purpose under the mask of impropriety. Impropriety, by-the-by, is a rather strong way of putting it, Leo. Indiscretion is far more accurate.

"Mrs. Cameron comes into the room about ten minutes later. It is then that my first positive gun is fired; every thing previous has been mere belligerent prelude. The gun goes off (to continue my metaphor) with a clear and decisive bang. Only I do not fire it myself.

"There is to be a fair in Brookfield this afternoon," Mrs. Cameron announces, addressing me. 'I have asked a young gentleman who lives near us—a Mr. Rathway—to go with you, Mr. Forsythe, and me. It is so much nicer, you know, for each lady to have a male adherent at places of this sort.

"I look at Mr. Forsythe. I flatter myself that he understands the look perfectly. Then: 'Is Mr. Rathway to be my adherent?' I laughingly ask.

"Oh, the arch-traitor! He pulls his yellow mustache, Leo, and studies how to avoid Mrs. Cameron's eyes. Then he fires that gun I was telling you about.

"Not unless you particularly wish it, Miss Forbes. Mr. Rathway is an old friend of Mrs. Cameron's, and I am sure that she would be quite willing to let him play the attentive.'

"Thanks,' I gush, merclessly.

"Mrs. Cameron colors to her temples. I am sure, too, that, as she turns away, I see something dance in her eyes that is anger's twin-brother, if not anger original.

"From that time until the hour of Mr. Rathway's coming she burns to get a word in

private with her recreant ally, Mr. Forsythe. But she does not succeed. I stand between them with unrelenting firmness. I am a human stone-wall, chinkless, unscalable.

"This Rathway, not at all to my surprise, proves an urbane nondescript. He occupies the back-seat of the pony-carriage beside Mrs. Cameron. Mr. Forsythe sits by me and drives the ponies.

"The fair would be rather dull, I find, but for the nice company I have. We come home by moonlight. At bedtime that evening I feel completely confident that, if murder were not so awkward an offence in the matter of its result and punishment, my hostess would give me poison with much quiet glee.

"The next day I daringly make a low-voiced proposal for a walk, to Mr. Forsythe, as soon as we have quitted the breakfast-room. He accepts without a shadow of reluctance. The walk lasts two hours; only, by-the-by, it isn't a walk at all. We find a shady tree about an eighth of a mile from the house, and, seating ourselves thereunder, replace pedestrianism by conversation.

"On our return, Mrs. Cameron receives us with a suavity that, all things considered, has a touch of the sublime about it. Let me add that she orders a servant to make us two milk-punches, and I think you will admit that her behavior is the pinnacle of heroism—or policy, whichever you prefer.

"Well, it is now Monday night, and I have to record the passage of four thoroughly victorious days. So far, my labors have met with superb success. Mr. Forsythe is my shadow. Mrs. Cameron is either making the best of evil circumstances, or else preparing herself for one telling and tremendous blow. I am inclined to believe the latter. Yesterday her manners were nervous, absent, and slightly sullen. To-day she is a sunbeam. I can't believe that she is the woman to die so tamely. On the whole, I should prefer a little more of what the sportsmen term 'game' behavior. My restless spirit feels the need of some real warlike action. And I think that this 'eagerness for the fray' is likely soon to be satisfied. Yes, something will surely happen. My hostess was too amiable when she bade me good-night, this evening. She kissed me, Leo. Do scriptural records inform us whether Judas Iscariot was ever married to anybody? He probably never could find a helpmeet of congenial tastes. He should have lived a few centuries later, perhaps.

"Don't be surprised to have me pounce upon you at any hour hereafter, between the rising and setting of the sun. I cannot say when it will be a necessity with me to make a graceful retreat. But be sure of one thing: my retreat shall be as graceful as ingenuity and tact can possibly render it.

"And, lastly, about Mr. Forsythe. Don't get fancying stupid things, as I am nearly sure that you will. He has been right agreeable to me—and that is all. I can't help despising his double treachery, by-the-by: first, he abetted Mrs. Cameron in deceiving me, and then he abetted me in doing battle with Mrs. Cameron. I am afraid he is not to be trusted very far out of one's sight and

hearing: perhaps that is why I cleave unto him so closely until my revenge is well accomplished.

"I hope to find the bird, on my return, exhibiting every proof of humane attention. If you have not fed him regularly, he will sing me a song about your cruelty, and I shall punish you with any number of pinches.

"Yours, till we meet,

"CHARLOTTE."

THE remainder of my story, I conclude, had better abandon the epistolary form. On the morning after writing the above letter to Leo, I precede Mr. Forsythe by a few moments at breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron being seated at the table when I make my appearance. We three have only the time suavely to agree with each other that it is a beautiful morning, when Mr. Forsythe enters the room. Conversation progresses quite amiably after that, Mrs. Cameron's manner being what I choose to think suspiciously charming. As we are leaving the breakfast-room, that lady's hand falls feather-like upon my shoulder.

"I am going to ask a favor of you," she begins, softly. "I want you to walk over to my aunt's, Mrs. Husted's, with me. A visit of duty, you know. It is only a short distance, and the air is so deliciously cool that we sha'n't need to ride.—Mr. Forsythe (half addressing that gentleman) will smoke his cigar with my husband, this morning; or on the lawn if he prefers it."

Of course I can but acquiesce promptly with her proposal. "You won't need to alter your dress a particle," she goes on, after I have stated my willingness to accompany her. "our hats are both here in the hall. We may as well start at once, and get the matter done with. I have owed aunt a visit for so long that I feel guilty about letting another day pass without paying it."

Perhaps five minutes later we have started on our walk. "Is your aunt's house more than a mile from here, Mrs. Cameron?" I want to know, while we are yet inside the lawn-gates.

She answers with a low laugh, that jars on my ear, somehow: "Why do you put the question, my dear? Are you afraid that Mr. Forsythe will be miserable if you remain away too long?"

The sneer in her words and voice is only half-hidden, if hidden at all. I feel myself color. "I haven't the vanity to believe, Mrs. Cameron—" I make prim prelude.

"Pray don't finish your sentence, my dear," she breaks in, with cold, curt tones. "I know perfectly well that, like many another young girl who has met that man and received his valuable devotions, you have the vanity to believe all sorts of pleasant things as their possible result. No doubt I should have warned you sooner, knowing him to be a thorough flirt and trifier. More than once during the past few days I have felt my conscience prick me for not speaking out promptly and pointedly."

By this time I am altogether on my guard. "You know such bad things of him, Mrs. Cameron? I am very sorry to hear it. Of course, though, I could not but feel sure that

you were well informed regarding Mr. Forsythe's character. Let it be hoped that your knowledge has not been derived from any too painful personal experience."

"We have reached the lawn-gate by this time. She stands quite still as the last word leaves my lips, her hand on the gate's edge, her eyes flashing irate fire at me, and her mouth showing on its pink-and-white prettiness a fierce, disfiguring change. It almost seems as if the debonaire mask she had been wearing ought to be lying like a cast-off thing somewhere on the soil at her feet.

"You sneer at me, Miss Charlotte Forbes, because you believe that you hold a firm enough place in that man's regard to treat my words as mere jealous falsehood. Ah, if you really knew him! He will have forgotten you in a week's time. He has been making a complete fool of you. If he ever marries at all it will be some woman in his own sphere of life—as well positioned as he, and perhaps as rich. You make one of a long dynasty of deceived maidens." Here she laughs with hateful harshness.

I am ready with my answer, in spite of choked-up throat and leaping pulses. "Let him marry whom he pleases, Mrs. Cameron—beggars and grandees. I shall have carried my point just the same."

"Your point? What do you mean?"

"This: I shall have shown you that I was not to be made the miserable tool you tried to make me. Please understand that I am aware of how gross a falsehood you told when you represented your husband as not having been cleverly deceived before my arrival with an idea that Mr. Forsythe and I were friends. I learned this much on the very night of my arrival, and I have acted accordingly. Mr. Forsythe has not made a fool of me: it is you who have endeavored to do it. Ask yourself, Mrs. Cameron, how the skillful plan has succeeded. Your jealous husband has not had startling cause for jealousy during my visit, it is true; but for reasons, I think you will admit, which are explainable by the fact of my having playing the part designed for me only a little too well."

If ever a human creature's face was literally livid with fury, that face is Mrs. Lemuel Cameron's now, as I turn away from her and hurry back toward the house. And, as for my own face, it is doubtless showing something very similar in the way of agitation; since Mr. Forsythe, who meets me on the piazza-steps just as I am rushing in-doors, stares upon it with saucer-like eyes of amazement.

"Gracious, Miss Forbes!" he bursts out, "has any thing happened?"

I stop, meaning only to stop for a moment, and meet his questioning eyes with fierce fixedness. "Just this has happened, Mr. Forsythe: the ridiculous masquerade is ended. Mrs. Cameron has shown herself to me in her true colors; and I have shown myself to her in mine. Now I am going to pack up my trunk."

"You are going home? Then I am going with you."

"Pshaw!" I almost jeer. "Don't you think you have played the traitor long enough? Go and make friends with Mrs. Cameron. Bad as she is, you deceived her

shamefully. 'Honor among thieves' doesn't seem to be your maxim. I know of your little plot, and have known of it all along."

He astonishes me with a rich, blithe laugh. "And I have more than suspected that you knew it." His blue eyes are sparkling mirthfully while he goes on: "That was what first made me like you. I always have admired womanly shrewdness. Then I fell to liking you for other reasons;" and now his face suddenly grows serious, his brow dark. "But the more I liked you, the more I despised Mrs. Cameron for having presumed—"

"Stop!" I command, right here. "You are equally, to blame. You consented to the fraud. On second thought, I must pronounce you *more* to blame than Mrs. Cameron."

"Can I ask why?"

"Because you are a man."

Still looking serious, he smiles. "And pray, what will not a man do when tempted by a pretty woman who has pleased him for the moment? You must not say that I am half as culpable as Mrs. Cameron; and for a superb reason."

"For what reason?" I snap.

His words, when he answers, are low and slow and soft. "I had never met you before. She had. I had never known how far you could outshine all other women into whose company Fate had thrown me. She failed to see the slightest worth in you. Tell me, have I not tried hard to prove, since our meeting took place, that her judgment was the opposite of my own?"

He has gotten my hand, somehow; and somehow, too, I am trembling. Presently he goes on, in sweet, fleet words: "When you leave this house to-day, I shall leave with you. How strange if I should do so as the man you have promised to marry!"

"Very strange," I quiver, trying to draw my hand away. But he holds it tightly, for he wants my answer to be something a trifle more to the point.

"Would it be too strange to be true?" he questions a little later, with my hand still secure in his own.

"Altogether," I whisper, beginning to cry.

Then he releases me and tries to snatch a kiss from my forehead; but I elude him, and dart up-stairs to pack my trunk and to wonder what Leo will say when we both pounce upon her, that afternoon, at Mrs. Petty-penny's.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## À L'OUTRANCE!

HE towered by a head above the tallest of the crowd, as erect, if not as vigorous, at eighty-five, as he had been at eighteen! What a colossal frame was his; what limbs, and broad shoulders, upon which his head, proportionately massive, was set in a haughty fashion, befitting this "*ultimus Romanorum*," this relic of a grand epoch and a noble society!

As he walked slowly past, lifting his gold-headed stick as if it were a knightly truncheon, I reflected how rich must be his experience, how manifold his memories! Was he not associated with the brightest day that

had ever poured its meridian splendor on his native State—a time of genius, of opulence, of social brilliancy, "the Augustan age" of Carolina?

And now, he seemed to me like some solitary column among ruins, scarred by the destroying elements here and there, but vigorous and firmly-planted still.

Years had gone by since I had seen him last, and I felt an unwonted quickening of the blood, an unusual tremor at heart, when, hastening after him along the noisy Charleston "Bay," I laid my hand on his arm, and asked, "You have not forgotten me, judge?"

"Forgotten you!" he replied, his steel-gray eyes flashing under their enormous eyebrows; "why, boy! your father was one of my dearest friends—am I likely to forget his son?" He spoke in a deep voice, and with a half-reproachful air, as if some trifling slur had been cast upon his good faith and constancy.

A few more commonplace questions and replies, and I told the judge that I had come to Charleston with the purpose of collecting material for a biography of the distinguished scholar and statesman, Hugh S. Legaré.

"I am delighted to hear that," he cried, "the more so, indeed, since I may probably be able to help you on some points of importance. Legaré and I were intimates; I knew him thoroughly, virtues and weaknesses alike. If, then, you wish to hear about him and his career, come and dine with me to-morrow." Of course I gladly accepted this invitation.

The next day, at the appointed hour, I found the judge in excellent spirits, and ready to deluge me with information.

We dined alone, so as not to be interrupted; and that our conference was full of interest may be inferred from the fact that, although we set down to table at an early hour, St. Michael's bells were chiming midnight when I rose to take my leave!

After my special object, touching the biographical sketch, had been furthered, the old gentleman's conversation turned upon the "dreadful changes"—as he expressed it—which had occurred since the war, not only in the political but social status of the city and State.

"Sir," said he, "the race of gentlemen is dying out! A great horde of Goths, carpet-baggers, adventurers, and reckless *chevaliers d'industrie*, have overrun the State, and society is being tainted to the core. All ideas of personal honor and responsibility have been discarded. The mass of the people are without dignity, courage, and self-respect. Insults, once considered *mortal*, are now allowed to pass, with little more notice than the shrug of a shoulder, or a mere retort in words."

"But surely, judge," said I, "you don't regret the partial abandonment of the old custom of duelling?"

"I do regret it," he answered, smiting the table in the earnestness of his protest; "the *duello*, under proper restrictions, is the greatest conservative agent on earth! Men, even under the most refined conditions of society and civilization, are disposed to be bullies, and there ought always to be a recognized check to this tendency, outside the workings of the law. In its absence society

becomes brutal or effeminate. One must choose between the gentleman's pistol and the bowie-knife of the blackguard, or between a spirited resentment of injuries and the craven submission of a cur!"

"You have seen many duels in your day, judge?"

"Well, yes, a good many; and, by-the-way, let me tell you that I have known several instances in which Fortune, or, I prefer to say, Providence, has befriended the injured, and also the weaker party, making all the science, coolness, and confidence of the professional duellist of no avail in the issue. One especially remarkable case I will relate to you; but first another glass of wine, if you please." We drank to each other in some of that straw-colored and hock-flavored madeira which, with the old jovial generation of Carolinians by whom it was imported, is rapidly sinking to the dregs, to become like "rare Ben's" canary, and Shakespeare's "sack," an antiquated "tippie," a fairy wine of the past.

Having somewhat pensively emptied his glass, the judge proceeded:

"In 1825 I resided in St. Paul's Parish. My plantation was situated about thirty miles on the other side of the Ashley River, not far from the small hamlet of 'Willtown's Bluff.' The parish at that period was thickly settled by opulent, educated, and decidedly exclusive gentlemen. The society among ourselves was charming. Every person occupying a certain social position was intimate with his neighbor; and what with club-dinners, whist-gatherings, balls, and hunting-matches, the winters passed merrily enough. But, as I have said, we were aristocrats in both feeling and practice. Any new-comer, desirous of "pitching his tent" in St. Paul's, was well aware—if he knew any thing whatever of us—that admission to our notice and friendship was not to be dreamed of, unless his credentials in regard to birth and breeding were of an unexceptionable character. No French noble, under the reign of the Fourteenth Louis, could have been chancier on these points than we were, or more disposed to look *de haut en bas* upon those we had reason to consider our social inferiors. This principle of exclusiveness, however, was destined to receive a shock. A fellow named John Gillis, who for years had acted as overseer upon different plantations near the Edisto, and whose wealth—by no means scrupulously acquired—was reported to be enormous, came to reside in St. Paul's, some time, I think, during the winter of '26. He came under the worst possible auspices; for, in addition to the general bad opinion of his character, he forced the sale of the finest plantation in the parish (after having bought up the floating notes of its owner, one of our favorite friends), and, finally, so manoeuvred as to possess himself of the entire estate.

"He had scarcely been settled therein a

\* The reader will perceive, in the narrative that follows, how completely the "judge" refutes his own arguments; for he shows us that the "code," instead of acting as a recognized check to the tendency to bullying, asserted to be common in the most refined societies, actually produces and nourishes a brood of bullies—and duelling bullies, in all countries and in all times, have been the most detestable of the species.—ED. JOURNAL.



month, before, with unparalleled audacity, he sent his name in as a candidate for admission to our club. The magnates of that association stood aghast. For my part, I couldn't help laughing at the man's impudence, but, of course, I joined the others in blackballing him.

"This rejection, instead of abashing, merely infuriated Gillis. He took advantage of the circumstance that nothing had been absolutely proved against his character for honesty and upright dealing, to assert his claims to be received upon an equal footing socially, in the most aggravating and offensive manner.

"Perseverance, backed by unlimited 'cheek' (to borrow a slang phrase), are capable of accomplishing a great deal.

"It so happened that one of our young men—the 'bluest'-blooded perhaps of them all—got into a personal difficulty with Gillis, who, being combative as a game-chicken, and brave as Julius Caesar, immediately challenged him to the field of honor. The youth, in his anger, accepted the challenge, and was shot through the lungs for his condescension. He did not die, but his health was permanently injured.

"The consequence of such a meeting was necessarily to weaken, if not destroy, the efficiency of our *taboo*. A man whom one of our comrades had fought, we (it was maintained) could not continue utterly to ignore. True, our club-doors were closed against his admission as stringently as ever, and in both our individual and collective capacity we refused to associate with him. Nevertheless, the shrewd rascal comprehended that, on one essential point, he 'had us,' as Bassanio says, 'upon the hip.' A fastidious number of our circle had established a precedent it would scarcely be *en rigle* to violate. In extreme cases, therefore, Mr. John Gillis was to enjoy the privilege of popping away at our honorable carcasses—a concession which I alone vainly opposed as foolish and demoralizing.

"Thus the resolute *parvenu* endeavored to force his way upward, pistol in hand. Every year, for the three years following, he was 'out' with some member of our club, and on every occasion he had succeeded in 'winging' his adversary. We began rather to respect his pluck and coolness, and to be careful about giving him unnecessary offence, when certain occurrences took place which ended in ridding us forever of Mr. Gillis and his pretensions.

"There lived at 'Wiltoun's Bluff' a gentleman of considerable property, whom everybody in the parish liked for his free-handed, liberal ways, his jovial temper, and his proverbial generosity and unselfishness. Arthur Wilson was, in some respects, a Falstaff, without Falstaff's vices. Like the hero of Gadshill, he was physically a 'tun of a man,' and he resembled him likewise in his superabundant wit and humor. But, poor fellow! he had been destined to suffer from a terrible 'thorn in the flesh.' His wife, a dried-up little creature one could hardly see in her husband's gigantic and overpowering presence, ruled him nevertheless with a sway absolute, despotic, and admitting of neither appeal nor modification. It was the most ludi-

crous thing on earth to observe this 'man mountain,' a wave of whose hand would have half annihilated his tiny consort, shrinking with the dread of a school-boy from the mere sound of her shrewish voice, or deprecating her displeasure by elaborate genuflections and anxious concessions, none of which ever soothed or satisfied her exacting ladyship.

"The Wilsons had no children of their own, but a niece of Arthur's resided with them, who, in her nineteenth year, was the handsomest girl I ever remember to have known, which is saying an immense deal, I can assure you.

"'Handsome is as handsome does,' remarks the proverb, and it must be acknowledged that Kitty Wilson's conduct added nothing to the general appreciation of her beauty. She was a wild, eccentric, reckless young thing, whose depraved taste was exhibited in a manner which almost ran her good-natured uncle mad. For, *mirabile dictu*, Kitty fell in love, of all persons in the world, with John Gillis.

"Though a widower and middle-aged, he was good-looking, and had certainly acquired not a few of the externals of a gentleman; but still the young lady's guardian could not entertain, for a moment, the idea of such a match. It was opposed to every rule of *les convenances*, a circumstance which only strengthened Kitty's perverse determination to carry out her own will in the matter.

"How she had made the acquaintance of Mr. Gillis, where and when they had first encountered each other and been smitten with a 'mutual flame,' remained a profound mystery; but there is little doubt that Kitty would have married her cavalier if she had had only her kind and somewhat yielding uncle to contend with.

"But Mrs. Wilson, a host in herself, now rushed to the rescue. She had been absent from home during the initial stages of the courtship, or it would never have been allowed to go so far.

"'No, indeed!' as she viciously exclaimed, 'I would have nipped it in the bud!' Whether her authority could be rightly stretched to that extent, whether in truth she had any legal authority in this case, the fiery little woman did not pause to consider.

"She only yearned to show her hand, to begin hostile operations with a vengeance. The chance she looked for speedily arrived.

"Gillis called at her house, requesting to see Miss Kitty. He was admitted to the presence of the indignant matron instead. What she said to him precisely, did not transpire; but her language and bearing must have been bitterly insulting, for Gillis left the house in a white rage, and in less than an hour's time had revenged himself upon the wife by subjecting her husband to the grossest of indignities.

"But one course remained open to our good-natured friend. He must meet Gillis immediately, and in a fight *d'outrance*.

"In this dilemma he applied to me.

"'Certainly, I will serve you, Arthur,' said I, replying to his somewhat woe-begone appeal; 'but how about your shooting? Are you in fair practice?'

"'Practice?' he echoed, dolefully; 'I've never shot a pistol but once. Then the d—d thing burst, and carried away the tip of my left ear—look!' And, throwing back his gray, but still luxuriant locks, he showed me where the organ in question had been slightly marred of its just proportions.

"'There's not a moment to be lost, then,' I exclaimed. 'Come, I'll let you have my own weapons; they are perfect beauties, and a baby almost could manage them.'

"If that were so, it speedily became evident that Arthur Wilson was less skilful than the supposititious baby.

"When I had arranged all preliminaries for a meeting with Gillis on the following morning, I took my man into the yard and drilled him. Good Heavens! what a raw, awkward recruit for the 'noble army' of duellists he turned out to be!

"Instead of reducing his huge person to its least practicable size, he insisted upon squaring his body toward the mark, and taking his shots in that most heterodox position.

"And such shots as they were! Out of a dozen trials, he lodged only two bullets within a space of ten feet in height and six in breadth. The others were plumped into the ground, with the exception of one widely-erring piece of lead, which flew over the outbuilding that sustained the target, and, smashing a kitchen-window opposite, elicited shrieks long and loud from the cook.

"Luckily that responsible domestic was not hurt, but her fright was extreme.

"'No use, no use! 'tis only a waste of ammunition!' cried Wilson, after the twelfth shot, which grazed his own boot; 'but cheer up, F—, I may do better on the ground, you know.'

"Really it was extraordinary. The wilder his shooting, the more confident my fat principal became. All his former despondency had vanished. He was now as cool as usual, and even in higher spirits. I tried to encourage this mood in him, but, to confess the truth, I looked upon the poor fellow as doomed. Why, Gillis could cut a tape-line, hit a quarter-piece, or snuff a candle, at twenty paces, and was hard and steady as the rock of Gibraltar. We could only trust to the chapter of accidents.

"Contrary to my advice and entreaties, Wilson insisted upon having a small party of friends to sup with him that night.

"'If I'm to be killed to-morrow,' he said, 'as I know you think I will be, for Heaven's sake let me enjoy the society of my comrades for the last time. Nothing can make my shooting worse than it is; therefore, what matter?'

"We sat up until after eleven, drinking and playing whist. As the clock struck the half-hour to midnight, I took our guest's arm and mildly compelled him to retire.

"'Take care,' I whispered on the threshold of his chamber, 'don't oversleep yourself in the morning.'

"'Pshaw, man!' he replied, 'you needn't be so cautious; my wife knows all about this quarrel, and she'll see to it that I'm up in good time; never fear.'

"He spoke a little bitterly, as if his consort's tender care for his honor was a char-

acteristic which, under the circumstances, he would have preferred to dispense with.

"The morrow dawned through a drizzly, cold, uncomfortable mist. Never in life had I felt so savage and gloomy—feelings by no means softened when, standing on the appointed ground, which overlooked a cemetery, I watched our friend's elephantine person, looming bigger than its wont through the gloom.

"Doctor," I muttered to the surgeon, "have your instruments ready. They'll be needed."

"The doctor grinned, evidently with professional satisfaction, as his eye dwelt demurely upon the man, whose body he would soon, doubtless, be engaged in carving, unless he fell dead at the first shot, which might happen.

"Gillis, with his second, reached the ground a few minutes after us. He rode up in a magnificent landau, drawn by a pair of blood-horses, and looked so diabolically cool, tranquil, and assured of victory, that I yearned to trounce the arrogance out of him with a stout manilla cane.

"There was little time, however, for these idle longings. I approached our adversary's second, and we tossed up for positions and the word.

"He won them both—which was a charming omen, I thought—and we then proceeded to station our principals at the regulation distance of ten paces, which, owing to Wilson's height and bulk, had never seemed so fearfully short to me before.

"Out came the pistols next, but, in loading the weapon designed for Wilson, I found a trifling impediment in the barrel, which occupied me some minutes in removing. While thus engaged, Gillis addressed his second impatiently, and, in a voice loud enough to reach us all:

"What's the matter now?" he cried. "Come, Phillips, hurry up, and don't keep me waiting here the whole morning. Haven't I told you I must be in Charleston by three this afternoon? and, by —!" (pulling out his watch), "it's growing cursed late!"

"Mr. Phillips," I said, "if your principal violates the rules by speaking in that way again, we shall retire from the field."

"Quite right, sir," Mr. Phillips replied, who really seemed exasperated at the other's conduct. "Another word" (to Gillis), "and I'll leave the ground myself."

"This incident did not improve Gillis's temper, you may be sure; and so when, all preliminaries duly arranged, the parties confronted each other before firing, I saw the devil in the scamp's eye as plainly as I have often detected it in the eyes of a vicious stallion.

"Gentlemen," said Phillips, clapping his hands sharply, "gentlemen, prepare to receive the word! Are you ready? Fire! One!—"

"We never heard the second or third numbers, and I scarcely think they were repeated, for, between 'Fire' and 'One,' Wilson had blazed gallantly away, anticipating his enemy's shot by just the fraction of a second.

"Simultaneously with the report of his own pistol we saw Gillis leap into the air, and

then drop heavily on his side. Yet, wonderful to relate, before anybody could reach him, he had partially recovered himself, and, staggering to his feet, yelled hoarsely out: 'The other pistol, Phillips, quick, the other pistol! D—n his soul, I'll bag him yet! Don't you hear me, fool? the other pistol!' In uttering these words, the wounded wretch blundered and stumbled about the ground, but he had got his *quietus*, and in a short time was stretched once more upon the earth, never, by his own efforts, to rise again!

"In less than twenty-four hours, Gillis was a dead man! While being carried to his home, he raved and blasphemed horribly, and such were his sufferings before insensibility came to his relief that, as I was told, none but the attending physician could muster up the nerve to remain at his bedside!"

PAUL H. HAYNE.

## REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON III.

THE first time that I saw the late Emperor of the French was at Paris, in the early summer of 1863. He was then in the very prime of his years and mental powers. His sallow complexion had not yet taken on the sickly hue, the dull pallor, which struck every one who saw him only within recent years; he appeared robust and active, and a sense of prosperity and security seemed to be betrayed in the expression of his rather heavy, impassable face. Early on a June morning, I was wandering among the parterres of the Tuileries gardens, observing the antique statues which nestle there among the flower-beds, and are unnoticed by those who take but a superficial glance at the scene. Presently the gilded gates of that part of the garden which is enclosed from the public, were flung open by a porter, and a light, springy carriage, with a seat only large enough for two persons, and drawn by a pair of sleek brown bays, rattled out over the smoothly-gravelled carriage-way. A single gentleman was seated therein; he held the reins, with experienced ease, in one gloved hand, and a long cigarette, which he puffed from time to time, in the other. It needed but a glance to recognize the solitary driver as Napoleon III. His hair was then thick, and light brown, with but rare sprinklings of gray; his mustache, which in later years drooped, was waxed in long, bristling points on either side; his face was, on that morning, somewhat ruddy; his air that of a man placidly satisfied with himself and with the world. As I have said, he was quite alone; neither outrider preceded, courier accompanied, nor *cent gardes* followed him. He was so plainly attired as to almost appear shabby. His hat was rough, his coat a dull black, and the Legion-of-Honor ribbon, which was fastened in his button-hole, looked worn and faded. On inquiry of the porter, I found that Napoleon rode out thus solitary nearly every day; that, on this occasion, he had gone for some purpose to a place in the vicinity of Vincennes, and did not expect to return for several hours. It appeared to me that no more striking proof could be had of

the third Napoleon's courage than this trifling incident of which I was an accidental witness. Paris was then, as later, bitterly hostile to his rule, and had lately manifested its ill-will in more than one way; and, of all Paris, the eastern quarter, and the faubourgs beyond, contained at once the most violent of the Parisian populace, and that which was most inimical to the emperor's person. Yet he rode straight among them, quite alone, with perfect openness, and smoking his cigarette with the same cool nonchalance that he was accustomed to do in the famous little "cabinet noir" of the Tuileries. The first Napoleon never ventured thus to expose his person to the assaults of his Parisian subjects. There are a multitude of evidences in the late emperor's career to show that, while he was not warlike in his tastes, but rather indolent and fond of quiet times, he was a physically brave man. On one occasion, when he was about twenty-one, he was visiting the Grand-duchess of Baden, with his mother Hortense, at Mannheim, on the Rhine; and walking, on a bitter winter's day, along the river-bank, with his fair young cousins, the grand-duchess's daughters, and was engaged in a discussion with them as to the decline of chivalry. The Princess Mary had been urging that there were no knights, nowadays, devoted to their ladies fair, as there had once been, when suddenly a gust of wind blew a flower which adorned her hair into the Rhine.

"There," the young girl exclaimed, "what a chance that would be for an olden knight!"

"That is a challenge I dare not refuse," responded Louis Napoleon; and, without further words, he plunged into the icy-cold stream, and with difficulty swam to the flower, returning with it in triumph to the shore. The river was rapid and boisterous, and the venture was dangerous; no coward, however gallant, would have thus ventured in it.

On the morning of the opening of the Great Paris Exhibition of 1867, I was standing in one of the corridors of the vast circular building, where some of the choicer sculptural contributions were arranged, when the emperor, with the empress on his arm, and attended by a brilliant suite, passed through in performance of the ceremony of the formal opening. The contrast between the Napoleon of 1863 and the Napoleon of 1867 was very striking. He was heavier in face and body, more wrinkled, and much more gray: his hair had thinned and grizzled on his forehead; his imperial, worn on the chin, was almost white; his gait was more slow; his expression that of a worn and wearied man. There was some reason why, on that day, his face should wear the pale and anxious look it did. It was an occasion, indeed, which illustrated and symbolized the splendor and power which he had reached; the beginning of a festival which was to display to the sovereigns of Europe, and multitudes from every corner of the earth, the Second Empire in its acme of glory. But he had left at home, that morning, his only son and hope, stretched in pain upon a couch; and he knew that, at the very moment when he was passing through the spacious halls of the Exposition-palace, the little prince imperial was undergoing a painful and dangerous surgical operation. Before

leaving the Tuilleries the emperor had gone to his son's bedside, and, taking his hand, had said: "Louis, *mon fils*, if it will comfort you, I will remain with you."

The prince replied earnestly that he must not, that he should not be absent from a ceremony to which they had so eagerly looked forward.

"I will go," said the emperor, kissing him, "but my thoughts will all be here, with you."

There are many evidences that Napoleon, despite his reputation for stolidity and taciturnity, was a person of strong and deep affections. He seems from earliest childhood to have been devotedly attached to those near him in relationship or friendship. When he was four years old, his imperial uncle was about to depart on his unfortunate campaign of 1812; the little nephew, hearing of it, rushed weeping to the emperor, and with sobs in his voice begged him not to go, or, if he did, to let him go with him. After Louis had been led out of the cabinet, the emperor, turning to one who was present, remarked: "My friend, perhaps he is the hope of my race." The affection between Queen Hortense and her son was most intimate and tender throughout her life. She devoted herself to his education, and seemed more anxious that he should learn to bear privation and self-dependence than enjoy the luxuries or delights of a princely station. Once she asked her eldest son, who was seven, what he should do, were he deprived of friends and money, to get on in the world.

"I would be a soldier," was the prompt reply, "and fight my way to the rank of a captain."

"And you, Louis," said the queen, turning to the younger, aged five, "what would you do for a living?"

"I would sell violet bouquets," responded the future emperor, "as the boys do from whom we purchase them every day at the Tuilleries gates."

When Napoleon, after the Strasbourg *fiasco*, was banished to America, he kept a journal on the voyage, which, on landing, he promptly sent to the ex-queen in her retirement at Arenenberg, and scarcely slept until he had indited a long and affectionate letter to her, giving a minute account of his attempt at Strasbourg, its failure, and the proceedings at his trial. Hortense soon afterward fell mortally ill, and her son hastened across the Atlantic to her bedside; and the final scene of her life is described as having been very touching in its exhibition of their deep mutual affection. The utmost confidence existed between them from first to last. With his elder brother, Napoleon Louis, who died at Forlì, of small-pox, in 1831, his relations were equally intimate and affectionate. There seems never to have been the shadow of a difference, or of jealousy between them; they fought side by side in the Romagna insurrection of 1831, and Louis Napoleon often afterward spoke with emotion of the elder's excellent qualities.

The gossip of European courts and capitals have long been in the habit of surmising that the relations of Napoleon and his beautiful wife were far from tender, or even amica-

ble. Stories of discord at the Tuilleries have at times been as plentiful as rumors of journalistic duels, or of aristocratic intrigues. The empress was said to have gone at one time to Spain, at another to Egypt, in unconjugal wrath; the emperor was charged with peccadilloes, and romantic scenes of quarrels in consequence of them, in the Tuilleries, were related from mouth to mouth with eager interest. Yet there is little doubt that, especially during the latter years of their life together, their domestic relations were positively happy. It is certainly true that the emperor married Eugénie de Guzman because he loved her, and preferred her to all women whom he had met. No dowry of royal alliance, great wealth, or even of a descent which would add to the lustre of the imperial crown, came with her to the altar. There was a time when Louis Napoleon, then an exile, might have wedded Donna Maria, of Portugal; and, after he became emperor, probably his suit for a princess of the house of Austria or Prussia, or even that of Russia, would not have been rejected. He chose to sue at the feet of a lady in private life, in whose veins, no doubt, there ran royal blood, but whose relationship to the Spanish sovereigns was remote. It may well have been that the romantic attachment of this middle-aged, conspicuously plain and unimposing gentleman was not reciprocated by the brilliant Spanish beauty, then in the fulness of youth and charms, and that, if she accepted him, it was because she could not turn from the dazzling offer of a crown. But the longer she lived with Napoleon, the closer she seemed to draw to him. Certain of her letters, written to him when she was a guest of the Sultan, at Constantinople, accidentally became published; and they breathe just such a spirit of confidence, affection, respect, anxiety to see him once more, and tender feminine solicitude for his health and good fortune, as might be expected from a wife who had married the man of her choice, and had found the union a perfectly congenial and happy one. A friend relates that, having gone into the Tuilleries garden very early one pleasant summer morning, for an appetizing before-breakfast walk, he saw a gentleman, lady, and little boy, promenading in the enclosed part of the garden next the palace. Presently the gentleman began to romp and play with the child, giving him a stroke and running back while the child tottered after him, and then turning to the lady and laughing heartily. Then all three began to play, the gambols of the child putting the others into high good-humor. Meanwhile, several chamberlains and other palace officials stood starch and prim along the palace-wall, forming an amusing contrast to the ease and freedom of the movements of the group of merry-makers.

The latter were, of course, Napoleon, Eugénie, and the little prince imperial. The witness to this cosy family airing said that the pretty sight did more to convince him of the mutual content of the emperor and empress with each other than the annals of all the court-chroniclers in the world. Napoleon once said to an eminent Englishman that he was never so happy as when he could tear himself away from the ceremonies and pomp

of the Tuilleries, retire to his favorite Saint-Cloud, and give himself up to domestic quiet and family pleasures. His chivalrous courtesy to Eugénie, and his respect for her advice, was not observed more by the multitudes who thronged his *levées*, than by the intimates of his private life, the witnesses of his domestic seclusion. Eugénie may have been, and with reason, jealous at times; but there is no reason to doubt that she came to have a real affection for her spouse, to whom, in the short period of his exiled life at Chiselhurst, she was surely most constantly and faithfully devoted. Her whole conduct after his fall, from the day on which she fainted when she heard of his capture at Sedan, to that on which she was too ill of grief to follow his remains to their English tomb, betrays the loving and sympathetic wife.

That the great passion of Napoleon's life, next to that of maintaining the heritage of his race, was his deep personal love for his son, is no secret to any one who has had opportunities of observing him, or of hearing what his course of life and tastes really were. He was never more proud than when he presented little Louis to strangers. Even in company his dull-gray eyes would light up with paternal fondness when Louis made his appearance; and, when he went out, would follow him till he vanished. He rode with him, played with him, read with and taught him, and often postponed the concerns of state to tend him in illness, or to examine him in his progress with his lessons. People from Paris, picnicking in the noble forest of Fontainebleau, were wont to see the pair ride along the forest-road, the emperor leaning over his saddle to bend nearer the boy, and the boy talking fast and excited to his interested papa.

Napoleon III. had many bad qualities, and did some wicked deeds. His moral nature was very defective. He overrode men and principles for ambition's sake. The attempts at Strasbourg and at Boulogne were blunders worse than crimes; the *coup d'état* was a crime which stained his hands with never-to-be-washed-off blood. The moral and intellectual weal of France was utterly subordinated to her material weal and to Napoleonic ascendancy. But it is well to recognize how far his detractors have exceeded truth and done injustice in the indictments they have brought against him. Victor Hugo paints him both a fool and a villain. He was neither a fool nor a wholly bad man. That he was a man of courage and a man of strong affections, a man faithful and grateful to his friends, a man averse to war, and, when he could be so without balking his ambition, disinclined to cruelty, severity, or tyranny, a man rather indolent than cunning, although a man who violated truth whenever it suited his purpose—are facts which a close study of his career seems to confirm. He was a despot; yet, for a despotic government, the empire was singularly mild—mild even to weakness. Had he governed to the last like a tyrant, there would have been no Sedan; yet had he been a man of high moral instincts, there would have been no Second of December. He had one great purpose in life before he came to the throne, and that was an im-



moral, selfish, and unprincipled purpose. He might have been King-Consort of Portugal, perhaps the king of a delivered Poland, King of Belgium, or King of Greece; but he would be nothing but emperor; and, to be emperor, he was willing thrice to make the attempt to plunge France into the desolation of civil war.

It is upon his personal and private qualities that I prefer to dwell, and of these many were better than his enemies would have us think. There were portions of Napoleon's life when it seemed that he was better fitted for the cloister or the study than for the uneasy burden of a crown which gave him rule over a turbulent race. He appears repeatedly to have turned, with real relief, from the stormy vicissitudes of a pretender, to his books, the contemplation of a "Sugar Question" and "Political Reveries," and the composition of elaborate treatises. Yet he felt bound, as the heir of a military dynasty, to study, exercise, and practise military science. An English writer, who saw him when a young man at Arenenberg, speaks of his mode of life as frugal and even rude, though the allowance made to him by Hortense was ample. His room in the castle was more like that of an officer in a barracks than of a prince. There was neither carpet nor arm-chair; the principal furniture consisted of military arms and books. He was wont to take the saddle each morning at daybreak, work a while in his cabinet before breakfast, and spend a part of every day in military exercises. At this time (1833), Louis Napoleon is described as having been of medium size, with an agreeable countenance and a military air. His manners were quiet, simple, natural, and full of good taste and ease. He resembled both his grandmother Josephine and his uncle Eugène Beauharnais, but was then, as afterward, quite unlike the first emperor. The writer quoted says his distinguishing expression was "that of nobleness and gravity, yet looking mild and benevolent. He had a tinge of melancholy and thoughtfulness." The description is no doubt a flattered one; at least Napoleon III., in later years, had little benevolence or nobleness in his physiognomy, which betrayed rather a mild, indolent dulness and impassibility of expression.

His habits, while residing in London, after his mother's death, in 1838, were as active and regular as they had been at Arenenberg. He always rose at six, and repaired to his cabinet, where he employed himself upon the work on "Les Idées Napoléennes," which he had long before projected, and which created so profound a sensation, when it appeared, for its singular mixture of democratic with Cæsarian ideas. His residence was in a spacious mansion on Carlton Terrace, near by where Mr. Gladstone now lives, and he mingled in the literary and aristocratic coterie of which Lady Blessington was the chief ornament. He worked in his cabinet from six until noon, when, after the French fashion, he breakfasted. It was a hasty meal with him, and he hurried from the table to his papers and correspondence. At two he received callers; at four went out on the business matters of the day; at five took a canter in Rotten Row, dining at seven, and giving up his evenings to social amenities

and occasionally to hard literary work. It is stated, by one of his biographers, that, during his brief residence on Staten Island, he chiefly employed himself in the study of electro-magnetism, but meanwhile kept up a busy communication with his partisans in London and France. While in England, he gained the friendly respect of many of the literary and political celebrities of the day. Lady Blessington was always one of his warmest friends, as well as an ardent admirer of Hortense. Walter Savage Landor thought him "a singularly wise man," and, with Boythorne-like impetuosity and exaggeration, declared that "he is the only man living who would adorn a throne." The old Duke of Wellington expressed himself an admirer of the prince, and wrote him a warm letter upon his election as President of the Republic.

Napoleon's habits, after he came to the throne, differed but little from those which he had practised while an exile in England and Switzerland. Moderate in eating and drinking, addicted to out-of-door exercise, a zealous follower of the hounds, fond of a small circle of familiar friends, with whom, in the retirement of his billiard-room or smoking-cabinet, he could throw off the restraints of ceremony, inordinately self-indulgent in smoking (for he was seldom, when in privacy, without a long paper cigarette in his mouth), an early riser, and a slow but steady worker, he was always simple and unostentatious in his tastes. He retained the *cacoethes scribendi* which had followed him through life, and so became the biographer of Cæsar, and contemplated being that of Charlemagne. In the earlier years of the empire Napoleon III. was accustomed to rely mainly upon his own judgment in affairs of state. He would assemble a council of his ministers, propound a question to them, sit attentively listening while each in turn gave his opinion, and then dismiss them without apprising them of his decision. They would often learn what it was, for the first time, when an imperial decree appeared in the columns of the *Moniteur*. But, during the last five or six years, his mental strength seemed to wane; he appeared to be losing the self-confidence which had stood him in such good stead, and to lean more and more upon the fidelity and wisdom of his advisers. He yielded more frequently to the entreaties of the empress; and, when De Morny died, was probably dependent, to weakness, upon Rouher, Baroche, and others of his old supporters. That his self-sufficiency had well-nigh deserted him, is confirmed by the fact that, against his own will and better judgment, he was hurried into the Prussian War by the vainglorious enthusiasm of Ollivier, Le Bœuf, and the Duke de Gramont.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

## FRAGMENTS OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

THE period covered by written history is but a handful of years, compared with the long ages whose story is told only in rocks and fossils; yet the belief largely obtains that man came into existence only a few

thousand years ago. Assuming the Mosaic account of the creation to be literal history, and accepting the speculations of chronologists as correct, many place the advent of man but a few thousand years ago; others, regarding the earlier Scriptures as purely symbolical, and referring only to spiritual recreation, hold that there is no warrant for so shortening our generations, and that the first people lived at a time vastly remote from our day.

Geology affords but little help in this inquiry. It is true that discoveries have been made of fossil human skeletons in positions indicating great age; yet they have been too few in numbers to afford such convincing proofs as the subject demands. Another class of evidences, however, have become very numerous. In almost every part of the known world stone implements have been found that were evidently used by men in an age preceding the discovery of smelting metals. The time during which they were in use closed about the year B. C. 500, and extended backward, it is thought, at least some thousands of years. Scientists agreed to name this age the Stone Period, a sufficiently distinctive term at first; but later discoveries gave such extension to this age that it is now divided into the Neolithic or New Stone Period, and the Paleolithic or Old Stone Period. The first, as we have said, carries us back to a very early time; the latter extends so far into dim antiquity that one stands amazed at its revelations.

Mr. Evans has lately done great service to the student by collecting the results of innumerable researches into one volume,\* which furnishes most of our data, and from which we borrow the illustrations accompanying this article.

The stone implements classified as belonging to the Neolithic Period are those which are usually found near the surface of the earth—in ancient graves, mounds, and similar places. Of these implements, the one most primitive in appearance is the celt, or cutting-tool, a chipped or rough-hewed specimen of which is shown in Fig. 1. This celt is of



Fig. 1.—Celt.

\* "Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments, of Great Britain." By John Evans, F. R. S., F. S. A. 8vo, pp. 640; 406 illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

flint, and was found near Mildenhall, Suffolk, England. Other specimens of the celt resemble our axe, until finally we have well-formed stone axes of a shape very similar to the metal ones of the present day. Even in their ruder forms, these stone axes were sometimes provided with handles, as is shown in Fig. 2, found in a peat-bog near Longtown,



Fig. 2.—Celt.

and now in the British Museum. This axe, or rather hatchet, was buried at a depth of about six feet. The handle was of wood, which had been well preserved.

In Fig. 3 we have an implement exhibiting more ingenuity than the preceding, an axe,



Fig. 3.—Axe.

not only beautifully formed, but bored through the middle to admit of its being securely mounted on a shaft. This axe was found in Yorkshire.

A finely-finished hammer-head is represented in Fig. 4. It is of veined, quartzose



Fig. 4.—Hammer.

gneiss, and, like the preceding, is from Yorkshire.

The implements so far described might have belonged to savage tribes, and been used only as weapons. A more decided evidence of some degree of civilization is found in the trough of stone from Ty Mawr, Holyhead, which is shown in Fig. 5. This was doubt-



Fig. 5.—Quern.

less a rude kind of mill, a grinding-stone, or muller, being found within it. This muller is so fashioned, with a cavity on each face, as to give a better hold in using it.

In Fig. 6 we have the upper stone of a quern, or hand-mill, after the modern pattern.

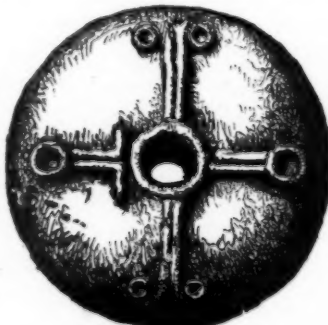


Fig. 6.—Quern.

This was found in the parish of Balmaclellan, Scotland, associated with some curious bronze

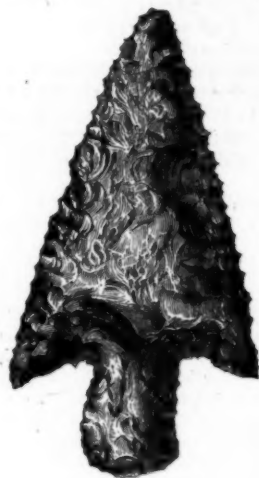


Fig. 7.—Arrow.

objects, indicating that it belonged to the transition period.

Fig. 7 is a fine arrow-head, from Yorkshire Wolds.

Fig. 8 shows a spindle-whorl, from Ty Mawr.

Figs. 9 and 10 represent stone cups from Scotland and England.

Want of space forbids even a glance at numerous other classes of these relics of the Neolithic Age. The few illustrations given are selected from among hundreds of others, as the typical or leading specimens of only the more important classes.

With the stone implements supposed to belong to the transition period, or commencement of the Bronze Age, personal ornaments are sometimes found. These are mostly formed of jet, shale, or amber; sometimes of bone,



Fig. 8.—Spindle-whorl.

and even of gold. Of these remains, we have space to describe but one—a necklace, found in an urn in an ancient tomb at Asaynt, Ross-

shire. It is of jet, studded with minute spots of gold. While the exact order in which a



Fig. 9.—Cups.

group of detached beads were strung, when worn, must always be a matter of speculation,



Fig. 10.—Cup.

yet the presence of plates as a part of the ornament often affords strong confirmations of our notions of rearrangement, from their peculiar shapes. The plates in the specimen are of such formation as to render it quite probable that Fig. 11 shows very nearly the

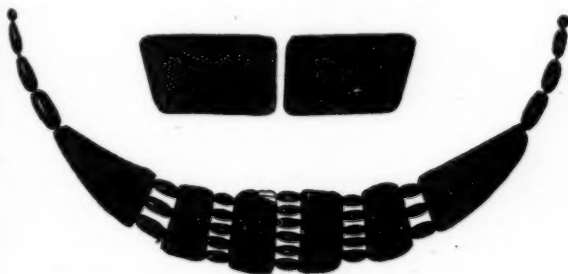


Fig. 11.—Necklace.

appearance of the necklace when last worn in an age long passed.

We will now retrace our steps, and look backward again into the still earlier time—the Paleolithic or Old Stone Age. About fifty years ago, Dr. Buckland, subsequently Dean of Westminster, undertook some researches into the caves of England. One of the caverns to which he directed his attention was Kent's Hole, Torquay; another was Brixham's Cave, in the same neighborhood. In Kent's Cavern was found a floor of stalagmite, beneath which was a bed of cave-earth, three feet or more in thickness; and in this mould were hundreds of man-made stone objects, animal and human bones, and pottery of Roman and earlier times. In 1846, this cavern was more fully explored, and a second floor of stalagmite discovered. Beneath this

was a bed of cave-earth, three feet or more in thickness, and containing remains of about twenty extinct species of animals, and some flint knives and other artificial objects, among



Fig. 12.  
Harpoon.



Fig. 13.  
Pin.



Fig. 14.  
Needle.

which were a harpoon supposed to be of reindeer-horn, a bone pin, and a bone needle with an eye in it. These are shown in Figs. 12, 13, and 14.

These researches (which are not yet completed) stimulated general inquiry, which has led to the fact that numerous other caves, in various parts of the world, contain evidence of human existence at enormously remote periods. The implements found in these caves are of different classes, some exhibiting considerable skill of manufacture, and others being very rude.

The scientists

of France have classified these caves under four distinct headings:

1. The most ancient, containing rough lance- and spear-heads of stone, worked only on one side; a few stone scraping-instruments; a very few bone implements; and numerous remains of mammoth and hyena.
2. Caves containing lance-heads less clumsy than those of the preceding class; arrow-heads; sharp knives of stone; flint saws; and lance-heads of bone.
3. Caves containing a far larger proportion of bone implements than the former ones; marine shells pierced for ornaments; elephant-tusks; and remains of the rhinoceros, reindeer, and horse, the latter predominating.
4. Caves characterized by long and well-shaped flint-flakes and scraping-instruments;

hammer-stones; harpoon-heads of bone; perforated bone needles; carvings or engravings on stone, reindeer-horn, and ivory; and personal ornaments of bone and of fossil shells.

Of the four classes named, over forty caves, in all, have been explored. The remains they have preserved cover the Cave Period.

We have yet to speak of a still more ancient time—the Drift Period. We cannot better introduce it than by quoting the clear and succinct account of the first discoveries in this direction, as given by Mr. Evans:

"It was in the year 1847 that M. Boucher de Perthes, of Abbeville, called attention to the finding of flint implements, fashioned by the hand of man, in the pits worked for sand and gravel in the neighborhood of that town. They occurred in such positions, and at such a depth below the surface, as to force upon him the conclusion that they were of the same date as the containing beds, which he regarded as of diluvial origin. In 1855, Dr. Rigollot, of Amiens, also published an account of the discovery of flint implements at St. Acheul, near Amiens, in a drift enclosing the remains of extinct animals, and at a depth of ten feet or more from the surface. From causes into which it is not now necessary to enter, these discoveries were regarded with distrust in France, and were very far from being generally accepted by the geologists and antiquarians of that country.

"In the autumn of 1858, however, the late distinguished paleontologist, Dr. Hugh Falconer, F. R. S., visited Abbeville, in order to see M. Boucher de Perthes's collection, and became 'satisfied that there was a great deal of presumptive evidence in favor of many of his speculations regarding the remote antiquity of these industrial objects, and their association with animals now extinct.' Acting on Dr. Falconer's suggestion, Mr. Prestwich, F. R. S., whose researches have been so extensive and accurate as to place him in the first rank of English geologists, in April, 1859, visited Abbeville and Amiens, where I, on his invitation, had the good fortune to join him. We examined the local collections of flint implements, and the beds in which they were said to have been found; and, in addition to being perfectly satisfied with the evidence adduced as to the nature of the discoveries, we had the crowning satisfaction of seeing one of the worked flints still *in situ*, in its undisturbed matrix of gravel, at a depth of seventeen feet from the original surface of the ground."

From this time, the authenticity of the discoveries of M. Boucher de Perthes and Dr. Rigollot was admitted; and, attention being directed to the matter, it was found that some similar ones had been previously made elsewhere. Other vigorous examinations followed; and, during the last thirteen years, great numbers of primitive flint tools have been found in gravel-drifts which there is good reason for believing were once the banks or beds of rivers now diverted from their ancient course, or flowing in channels far below, which they have worn for themselves in the course of many ages. These gravel-beds are sometimes not more than fifty feet above the level of the rivers that flow near; sometimes the distance is as much as two miles. The



latter is the case at Highbury, where some such discoveries have been made, it being two miles from the Thames. At Bourne-mouth, on the cliffs one hundred feet above the sea-level, flint instruments have been found in gravel-beds supposed to have formed the banks of a river that flowed there before the sea had broken through and separated the Isle of Wight from the main-land.

Various attempts have been made to fix the date at which those early men lived who left these fragments of their history in the gravel-beds of the Drift Period. One method has been that of deductions from certain geological and astronomical facts. From data thus obtained, Sir Charles Lyell gives, with some hesitancy, a calculation that might place the Drift Period about eight hundred thousand years ago. Sir John Lubbock thinks an epoch some two hundred thousand years removed from our time is nearer the truth.

Another and more direct method is that suggested by Mr. Geikie, who proposes to estimate the time required for the lowering of the river-beds by the amount of solid matter carried away in suspension by the rivers of the present day. Calculations of the deepening powers of various rivers have been made, from which it is said to appear that the Mississippi lowers its bed one foot in nine thousand years, the Boyne one foot in six thousand seven hundred years, and the Thames one foot in eleven thousand seven hundred years. If these calculations could be depended on, the finding of flint implements at Highbury, about one hundred and fifty feet above the present surface of the Thames, would prove the existence of man on the earth at least one million and a half years ago! But such a conclusion is open to many objections, such as those presented by the differing conformation of valleys, and the varying nature of the earth in which they are formed. Indeed, it is impossible to make any thing but the vaguest estimates by any known method. "On the whole," to again quote Mr. Evans, "it would seem that, for the present at least, we must judge of the antiquity of these deposits rather from the general effect produced upon our minds by the vastness of the changes which have taken place, both in the external configuration of the country, and its extent seaward since the time of their formation, than by any actual admeasurement of years or of centuries. To realize the full meaning of these changes almost transcends the power of the imagination." Our assent to this idea is likely to be confirmed, and our wonder increased, by such a picture as this, from the close of Mr. Evans's volume: "Taking our stand on the high terraces at Ealing, or Acton, or Highbury, and looking over the broad valley, four miles in width, with the river flowing through it at a depth of about one hundred feet below its former bed, in which, beneath our feet, are relics of human art, deposited at the same time as the gravels—which of us can picture to himself the lapse of time represented by the excavation of a valley on such a scale, by a river greater, perhaps, in volume than the Thames, but still draining only the same tract of country?"

"But, when we remember that the tradi-

tions of the mighty and historic city now extending across the valley do not carry us back even to the close of that period of many centuries when a bronze-using people occupied this island; when we bear in mind that beyond that period lies another of probably far longer duration, when our barbaric predecessors sometimes polished their stone implements, but were still unacquainted with the use of metallic tools; when to the Historic, Bronze, and Neolithic Ages we mentally add that long series of years which must have been required for the old fauna, with the mammoth and rhinoceros, and other to us strange and unaccustomed forms, to be supplanted by a group of animals more closely resembling those of the present day; and when, remembering all this, we realize the fact that all these vast periods of years have intervened since the completion of the excavation of the valley and the close of the Paleolithic Period—the mind is almost lost in amazement at the vista of antiquity displayed."

### FRERE'S CRUSADE.

AN expedition has been lately sent out by the British Government to Zanzibar for the suppression of the East-African slave-trade. It is commanded by Sir Bartle Frere, an able and energetic officer, formerly Governor of Bombay, whose thirty-three years of experience in dealing with the natives of India well qualify him for this work. The traffic in human flesh on the east coast of Africa, unlike that which formerly was so largely carried on on the west coast, is not directly conducted by the subjects of Christian powers. Its principal propagators are Indian traders or Banians, some of whom are Hindoos, and others heretical Mohammedans. They employ the Arabs of Zanzibar to procure slaves for them, to stock the markets of Arabia, Persia, and Turkey. These men go into the interior and excite the cupidity of the native chiefs by the display of muskets, powder, and cotton cloth, which they promise in exchange for slaves. They also incite hostilities between the tribes; and, as the side they assist is invariably victorious, the captives become their property, either by purchase or right of conquest.

During these raids whole villages are desolated and set on fire, and thousands of natives are killed, or are left to die of their wounds or starvation; while able-bodied men, and even women and children, are carried off into slavery. In this way tracts of country, which were once under cultivation, have been made a wilderness. Dr. Livingstone found, in the Manganya region, on his first visit, the population extensively engaged in raising cotton and grain, working in irons and spinning *buaze*—a fibre used for nets. He said he had never seen so fertile a country, or one so well adapted for growing cotton. Travelling through it a year or two afterward, the only reminder of its former prosperity which he met with were the negro huts, no longer the abodes of an industrious population, but full of dead bodies. Most of the adults had been slain or carried away with the children. This

state of things has been extending far into the interior; and Lake Nyassa has been crossed by Arab *dhow*s for the purpose of procuring slaves. All this destruction which has overtaken a vast and rich country and its inhabitants is, however, less shocking to the sensibilities than the suffering of the prisoners who are transported to the slave-market at Zanzibar. The horrors of what has well been called a march of death, are year by year increased, as every successful raid lengthens the distance of the journey to the sea-coast. The slaves are so secured as to make escape almost impossible. They are driven in gangs: the males with yokes on their necks, made of heavy forked sticks, which at night are fastened to the ground or lashed together, while the women are bound with thongs. Those who try to get away, either by cutting the bonds or by lagging behind, are punished with death. The sick and feeble who are unable to keep up with the column are left to die on the road; and witnesses testify that the tracks of these caravans can be traced from the coast inland by the bones of slaves who perished by violence or disease on the fearful march. In consequence of these losses, only one in five, and sometimes but one in ten, of the victims survives the long journey to the seaboard.

On arriving at Kilwa, on the coast, to the south of the island of Zanzibar, the slaves are placed on board Arab *dhow*s. These craft, which are poorly equipped and provisioned, vary in size from thirty or forty to one hundred and twenty tons, and carry from one hundred to two hundred and fifty slaves. Many of these die on the passage from overcrowding and insufficient food, aggravated by the effects of previous ill usage. According to a recent report of the House of Commons, no less than ninety slaves, being a third of her cargo, were lately thrown overboard from a *dhow* in a dead or dying condition, many of them being terribly emaciated. Burton, the African traveller, says that a single *dhow*, belonging to the late Prince Khalid, lost, in a single expedition, five hundred slaves by sickness and by the falling of the flying-deck. Many a desperate naval action, he adds, could not show such a butcher's bill.

The same writer, who is not inclined to exaggerate the evils of the system with whose details he is perfectly familiar, gives some special instances of the barbarity with which the slaves are treated on board the *dhow*s. He mentions a certain Charles L—, "a kiln-dried Mauritius man," who, to terrify the rest into submission, crucified seven negroes, some being fastened outside the ship, and others nailed by the feet to the deck, and by the hands to the capstan bars, lashed across the masts. Asiatics, however, are surpassed by Europeans in ingenious cruelty, according to his account of a Spaniard, who, finding his ventures in danger of dying from dysentery, sewed them up before sending them to the bazaar.

On sailing along the coast the slaves are liable to be chased by men-of-war, and, when this happens, they run their vessels ashore to escape capture. The wretched Africans are pushed overboard into the boiling surf, in which many perish, the survivors escaping

into the interior of the country, where they are pursued and captured by the Arabs. Fear of the English, whom they have been told by their masters on the *dhow* will kill, cook, and eat them, makes the slaves run away, so that the crews of the men-of-war can only rescue a comparatively small number, and pick up the dead bodies tossing about in the surf.

Unfortunately, the provisions of the treaty between the British Government and the Sultan of Zanzibar have hampered their efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade, and one object of Sir Bartle Frere's expedition is to obtain the abrogation of that article in the treaty which permits the coastwise traffic in his dominions. The sultan is bound to prevent the importation of slaves into his territories or their exportation; but, in consequence of the position of the Zanzibar sea-coast and its neighboring islands, the privilege of coastwise shipment is made a cover for the traffic carried on by the Arabs with Arabia and the Persian Gulf. Situated off the east coast of Africa, six degrees below the equator, the island of Zanzibar forms, with Pemba and other islands, the outworks of the sultan's possessions on the main-land, so that cargoes of slaves leaving the port of Kilwa, though intended for exportation, are assumed to be shipped to other parts of his dominions. A recent letter from Sir Edward Thornton to Mr. Fish says there has been an average annual export of about twenty thousand slaves from Kilwa alone, irrespective of those exported from other places; and, as the labor requirement of Zanzibar is estimated at not more than four thousand slaves a year, an annual surplus of at least sixteen thousand slaves is unaccounted for, which must be exported to foreign countries in violation of the treaties. The sacrifice of human life caused by this traffic is estimated from eighty thousand to one hundred thousand lives annually, and the latest accounts received by her Majesty's Government from Zanzibar represent the slave-trade as more active than ever, and the public slave-market crowded with slaves.

England is especially likely to influence the Sultan of Zanzibar to accede to her demands from the friendly relations which have always existed between them. Indeed, when the Imam of Muscat, the father of the sultan, died, the Viceroy of India was selected to arbitrate the claims of his two sons to his possessions. He awarded the ancestral seat of the empire in Arabia to one, and the African dominions, which were conquered from the Portuguese some two centuries ago, to the other. To equalize the value of these dominions, the Sultan of Zanzibar was adjudged to pay his brother, the Imam of Muscat, the sum of forty thousand dollars annually. On the murder of the latter ruler by his son, who usurped the sovereignty, the Sultan of Zanzibar refused to make payment to the parricide, and passed it over to the Governor-General of India. Now, however, that the usurper has been dispossessed, and another son of Synd Said is seated on the throne, the annual payment will doubtless be made to him.

Sir Bartle Frere is understood to be in favor of having the British Government assume

this indebtedness of the Sultan of Zanzibar, in order to leave him less inducement to tolerate the slave-trade in his dominions. This is opposed by the *London Quarterly Review*, on the ground that the destruction of the traffic would confer an inestimable boon on Zanzibar. Although deprived of the head-money now paid as tribute on each slave, she would receive such an increase of business from the withdrawal of the lawless, speculating Arabs and the abandonment of their ruinous trade, that her prosperity would be vastly increased. General Rigby, indeed, expressed the opinion that the acceptance of such a payment might greatly endanger the sultan's life. There is such an interest among the whole population of Zanzibar in sustaining the traffic, which contributes so largely to their support, that the sultan's own influence, unaided by foreign powers, cannot be expected to suppress it. He, indeed, lately declared to the commander of the United States war-steamer *Yantic*, who was instructed by our government to urge upon him the propriety and advantage of surrendering the clause in the treaty which encouraged the slave-trade, that he was innocent of all complicity with it. Thirty-three years ago, according to his statement, he was forbidden by his father to export slaves to the territory of Muscat. Since then the only slaves that have arrived there from East Africa have been transported surreptitiously, without his knowledge or consent. The persons whom he alleges are to blame in the matter are the chiefs of the tribe of Ouran, along the Persian Gulf.

It is clear that the crusade of Sir Bartle Frere will have to be conducted without much assistance from the Sultan of Zanzibar. He may be well meaning enough in his promises to exert himself to suppress the trade, and may go so far as to abrogate the clause in the treaty with England which permits the coastwise traffic, under cover of which the export is carried on. But the traders, who have so successfully evaded the laws thus far, will not yield to his dictation or to any thing less effective than men-of-war. The impotent attempts of the British to put a stop to the trade are, according to Admiral Cockburn's testimony before the parliamentary committee, a laughing-stock to the Arabs engaged in it. He affirms that even the sultan says, "The English will talk and bully, but can't or won't stop the trade." This opinion is natural enough, in view of what England has hitherto done, but it is likely to be refuted by what she will do. Her people are now thoroughly aroused against the traffic, and the spur of self-interest is calculated to quicken their philanthropic efforts.

Thus far the Anglo-Indian government has been remiss in exercising the authority conferred upon it by the home authorities against a trade by which its subjects prospered. It has provided such an inefficient force of cruisers that as late as 1867-'69 only a hundred and sixteen *dhow*s, carrying twenty-six hundred and forty-five slaves, were taken, against thirty-seven thousand who escaped. The captured vessels, instead of being condemned by the courts, were frequently restored to their owners, and this procedure naturally paralyzed the energies of naval offi-

cers in an arduous undertaking where little honor or prize-money was to be gained. But the British Government can easily make the Bombay authorities execute the laws against the slave-traders, whose headquarters are in their dominions. If the Banians, who are subjects of the queen, find that they will be punished for felony for direct or indirect participation in this traffic, they will use their capital in some less dangerous business. As the Arabs have not the wealth to carry on the slave-trade to any extent, the British cruisers will be able to put a stop to it, even if they are not aided by the native rulers whose subjects are concerned in it. The Shah of Persia, however, has already expressed his intention to coöperate with Great Britain in this matter, and has issued two firmans peremptorily forbidding the importation of negroes by sea into his dominions, besides giving permission to British ships-of-war to search all Persian vessels except those belonging to the government. The Queen of Madagascar, whose dominions have been a seat of the traffic in slaves, now binds herself to do every thing in her power to suppress it.

With these encouraging indications of success, Sir Bartle Frere has gone on his philanthropic errand. He bears an honored name in England, not merely from the connection of his uncle with Canning and the *Anti-Jacobin*, to which he was a brilliant contributor; but from his own thirty-three years of faithful and distinguished services in India. There he filled many important positions, falling short, indeed, only of the highest, and receiving for his self-sacrificing efforts in the suppression of the Sepoy rebellion the honor of a vote of thanks from both Houses of Parliament proposed by the then prime-minister, Lord Derby. The order of Knight Commander of the Bath and the Star of India have both been conferred upon him in recognition of his Indian achievements. The crusade in which he has embarked is, like the old-time crusades, against the Moslems, who are the only purchasers of the slaves from East Africa. Against them he will use moral as well as physical weapons, endeavoring to bring up the followers of Mohammed in our day to the high standard of their traditional faith, which declares that selling human beings into slavery is a sin against God. With the Pacha of Egypt, the Shah of Persia, the Sultan of Zanzibar, and other Mussulmen as well as Christian rulers, professing their sympathy with his movement, and the guns of a squadron to make that sympathy effective, there can be no doubt of the success of Frere's crusade.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

## TOMBS IN TRINITY CHURCH-YARD.

IN our illustration of Trinity church-yard tombstones, the reader will find a group which includes the more distinguished monuments in this old and famous burial-ground—monuments in no wise noted for stateliness or beauty, but which have interest on account of the fame of those whose remains they cover.



TOMBS IN TRINITY CHURCH-YARD.



One of the most ancient of the Trinity stones is that which marks the burial-place of WILLIAM BRADFORD, the first printer south of Boston. He was born May 20, 1663—not 1660, as the tombstone avers. The exact date is settled by the record which he himself has left us in a production of his own art: "*The American Almanack for the Year of Christian Account, 1739.*"

He was a son of William and Anne Bradford, of Leicestershire, England; from fair evidences, the family seems to have been an old one. Bradford always sealed his letters with arms. He learned his trade with Andrew Sowle, an extensive printer in London, and a prominent member of the Society of Friends. Bradford married his master's daughter Elizabeth. At the age of twenty-two he sailed with William Penn on the great proprietary's first voyage to Pennsylvania. They embarked at Deal on September 1, 1682. The voyage was beset with many dangers; of one hundred persons, thirty, including the master, died at sea, of small-pox, after a voyage of one month and twenty-seven days. Bradford and his companions landed at a place below Philadelphia, that city not having been laid out, nor a house built there. There is no record of the duration of Bradford's stay in America. In 1685 he was in London making preparations for his final settlement on the Western Continent. He was the favorite of Penn, and received a letter from George Fox, dated London, sixth month, 1685, addressed to Quakers, in Rhode Island, East and West Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. In the letter he is spoken of as "a civil young man, and convinced of the truth." Bradford's first issue from the press was "America's Messenger, an Almanack." Among the remarkable events set down opposite particular days, there was the following: "The beginning of Government here by the Lord Penn." This title of courtesy gave offence to the drab-coated magistrates, the printer was ordered to blot out "Lord Penn," and warned "not to print any thing but what shall have licence of ye council." In 1686 he printed "Burnyeat's Epistle," four pages of small quarto. In 1687 he published an almanac, and another in 1688. The earliest volume from Bradford's press is the "Temple of Wisdom," which includes "Essays and Religious Meditations of Francis Bacon." It appeared in 1688, seventeen years before Benjamin Franklin was born; thirty-nine years before he established his printing-press. In the same year (1688) he issued his proposals to print, in folio form, the Bible and Book of Common Prayer.

In 1690 he established the first paper-mill in America. The water-mark was a clover-leaf, with the word Pennsylvania underneath. The first paper-mill in New England was erected in 1730, at Milton, Massachusetts, about forty years after Bradford's. At this period he was involved in constant trouble with the proprietary government, which tried to break down his press. In 1693 he accepted an invitation from Governor Fletcher to come to New York, where he was appointed "royal printer" at a fixed salary of forty pounds a year, and was employed in printing acts of Assembly, proclamations, and other legal papers.

He was chosen vestryman of Trinity Church in 1703, and continued as such until 1710. In 1725, being sixty-two years old, he established the first newspaper in New York, which he edited until he was eighty years old, when he transferred his interest to James Parker. He continued to be interested in the paper-mills which he had established at Philadelphia and Elizabethtown, New Jersey, until the day of his death. By his great foresight, application, and prudence, he amassed a large fortune. His death occurred on Saturday evening, May 23, 1762, in the ninetyeth year of his age.

In the vault of the LIVINGSTON family, upon which is this inscription, "The vault of Walter and Robert C. Livingston, sons of Robert Livingston of the Manor of Livingston," lie buried ROBERT FULTON and SIR EDWARD CUNARD, BART., the founder of the Cunard line of steamers.

The tomb of ALBERT GALLATIN is in the southwest corner of the church-yard. The inscription on this tomb is as follows: "In Memory of Albert Gallatin, son of Jno De Gallatin and Sophia Albertina Du Rosey his Wife; he was born at Geneva, in Europe, January 29, 1761; landed in America July 14, 1780; died at Astoria, New York, August 12, 1849. Deeply imbued with the bold and liberal spirit of the time, he came to America amid the scenes of her Revolution; and, after very many years of public service in Congress, and in executive offices of the highest trust, at an advanced age, he withdrew to private life, and passed the remainder of his days in philosophic studies and literary pursuits, and went down to the grave universally honored."

This is on the east side; on the west side is the inscription to his wife's memory as follows: "In Memory of Hannah Gallatin, the wife of Albert Gallatin, and daughter of Commodore James Nicholson, a distinguished officer of the American Navy during the War of Independence, and of Frances Witter his wife. She was born in the City of New York, September 11, 1766, married November 11, 1795, and died May 15, 1849."

The inscription on the tomb of Alexander Hamilton is as follows: "In memory of Alexander Hamilton. The Patriot of incorruptible Integrity. The Soldier of Approved Valor. The Statesman of Consummate Wisdom, whose Talents and Virtues will be admired by Grateful Posterity long after this marble shall have mouldered into dust. He died July 12, 1804, aged forty-seven." By the side of Hamilton's tomb is the grave of his widow, with this inscription: "Eliza, daughter of Philip Schuyler, widow of Alexander Hamilton, born at Albany August 9, 1757, died at Washington November 9, 1854."

GENERAL KEARNEY's last resting-place is in the vault of John Watts, the last royal Recorder of New York, the founder of the Leake and Watts Orphan House. Here is buried his son, Lieutenant George Watts, distinguished in the War of 1812, and his grandson, the Bayard of the War of Rebellion, General Philip Kearney.

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE's tomb is in the shape of an antique sarcophagus. It is of sandstone, on a square pedestal of the same

material, and about eight feet long and five feet wide, surrounded by eight trophy cannon purchased from the Government by General Prosper M. Wetmore, when navy agent at this port, and presented by him to the corporation of Trinity Church for that purpose. They were selected by him from among the cannon at the navy-yard, which had been captured from the English during the war. Each gun bore its national insignia, with an inscription declaring the place and time of its capture. When the cannon were planted in the place they now occupy, the vestry, with very strained notions of courtesy, placed them so deep in the earth that the trophy-marks were out of sight. Their reason was that, as there were many English residents in the city, it would be an unfriendly act to parade such evidences of triumph before them. On the east end of the sarcophagus is an anchor surrounded by a wreath of oak-leaves, cut in high relief. On the base, under this emblem, is the following inscription: "The heroic commander of the frigate Chesapeake, whose remains are here deposited, exhibited with his dying breath his devotion to his country. Neither the fury of battle, the anguish of mortal wounds, nor the horrors of approaching death, could subdue his gallant spirit. His dying words were, 'Don't give up the ship!'"

The north side of the sarcophagus is plain; on the base are these words:

"In memory of Captain James Lawrence, of the United States Navy, who fell on the 1st day of June, 1813, in the 32d year of his age, in the action between the frigates Chesapeake and Shannon. He was distinguished on various occasions, but especially when commanding the sloop-of-war Hornet he captured and sunk his Britannic majesty's sloop-of-war Peacock, after a desperate action of fourteen minutes.

"His bravery in action was equalled by his modesty in triumph and his magnanimity to the vanquished. In private life he was a gentleman of the most generous and endearing qualities, the whole nation mourned his loss, and the enemy contended with his countrymen who should most honor his remains."

On the west end of the sarcophagus is a bass-relief of the stern of a ship with guns projecting. The following is on the base:

"Julia Mantaudvert, Widow of Captain James Lawrence, Born July 15, 1788. Died September 15, 1865."

On the south side of the base are these sentences:

"In memory of Lieutenant Augustus G. Ludlow, of the United States Navy. Born in Newburg, 1792; died in Halifax, 1813. Scarcely was he twenty-one years of age, when, like the blooming Euryalus, he accompanied his beloved commander to battle. Never could it have been more truly said: 'His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruabant.' The favorite of Lawrence, and his second in command, he emulated the patriotic valor of his friend on the bloody decks of the Chesapeake, and, when required, like him yielded with courageous resignation his spirit to Him who gave it."

Among the more ancient gravestones in the church-yard is that of Michael Cressap,

captain of a company of riflemen, who died in New York on his way from Cambridge in 1775. By an account in the *Constitutional Gazette* of October 21, 1775, his death appeared to have been an event that excited some attention. He was buried with military honors.

## FEBRUARY.

*"It is the heart's own cheer that makes it glad,  
And one's own bitterness will drive him mad;  
It needeth not that other help be had."*

MAGIC MIRROR.

*(The poor artist speaks:)*

"OH, little verse, just glanced at carelessly,  
From the old magazine you speak to me,  
Telling the truth;  
Why should I let the dull day cloud my eyes?  
Why should I care what color are the skies,  
Having my youth?  
For youth and I can make good cheer together,  
And heart and I, in spite of gloomy weather,  
Can still be glad and merry,  
In February.

"Tis true that gray monotony is here,  
Forlorn, as Death unmourned, lies the new year

Under his pall;  
Christmas has gone, with all his holly-boughs,  
And January's hopeful, sanguine vows  
Are broken all;  
Now, on men's hearts, with endless failures dreary;  
Now, on men's hands, with endless labor weary,  
Like curse hereditary  
Falls February.

"I fling defiance at thee, month accurst!  
I care not for thy ghost-voice; do thy worst,  
My heart is strong;  
The spring will come, despite thy chilling frown;  
Despite thy doubts, success will bring the crown

Ere long—ere long;  
I take the brushes, and my picture, growing  
In beauty spite of thee, shall make all glowing

My heart a sanctuary,  
Dark February!

"My little room, high up beneath the stars;  
My little window, dark as prison-bars,  
Shall gleam like gold  
With warmth and light, though all my little store

Is spent to keep thee from my attic-door,  
Thou doubter cold!  
The barren walls, like some Arabian story,  
Shall bloom with climbing vines of tropic glory,  
In beauty visionary,  
Dark February!

"Rare fruits and flowers I'll bring to fill the room,  
And purple wines shall drive away the gloom  
That thou hast brought;  
While my one picture, lighting all the place,  
Shall flood me with the glory of the face  
That I have wrought,

Till heaven's beauty, with the mortal blending,  
Shall lift me far from thee, on wings ascending—

Thou sombre adversary,  
Dark February!

"Oh, rare-bright golden curls! now, now, they glow

In the warm radiance that so well I know,  
Poor painter-lad!

Oh, earnest, wave-blue eyes! that gaze on me,

Tender and true, speak they a prophecy  
To make him glad!

Yes; crowned with love, my future shall be glorious,

Yes; crowned with fame, o'er thee I rise victorious,

Nevermore solitary,  
Dark February!"

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

## BAZAAR AT SUEZ.

SEE ILLUSTRATION, LAST PAGE.

THE little Arab village of Suez has become world-famous within the last few years, in consequence of the great canal which bears its name, and by the congregation there of many of the crowned heads of Europe, to pay their tribute to the genius and energy of M. de Lesseps.

Formerly it was only an average Arab village—and a very small one—and the only incident which ever relieved its dreary monotony was the weekly arrival of the Peninsular and Oriental steamer from India, bringing its most miscellaneous collection of animate and inanimate freight. On those days the little place looked busy enough; and, short as the stoppage was, before the passengers were dispatched for Cairo, over the desert (a distance of ninety-four miles), in vans drawn by four mules, time enough was afforded for the motley and varied specimens of European and Asiatic humanity to overflow the narrow streets, and swarm into the bazaars, where all shopping was to be done.

There is a stereotyped sameness in the outward aspect of all Arab villages—a few scattered houses—chiefly huts of one story—with a mosque in the centre, whose round dome and minarets tower over the surrounding houses; a few scattered palm-trees for shade—under which is tethered a resonant donkey, or a sedate-looking camel—with groups of half or entirely naked children sprawling about the doors of the huts. In the larger towns, such as Suez, a bazaar, roofed over and divided into little separate compartments serving as shops, may be found.

These bazaars are the great central resorts both for the industrious and the idle; those who come to supply wants, or fill a vacuum, for they are the great gossiping-places, where many an idle hour may be whiled away.

In its chrysalis state, Suez could only boast of a few two-storied houses, and the large hotel of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, overlooking the Red Sea, and intended only for the transient occupation of the passengers in transit to Alexandria and Europe. In those days there resided there not a dozen Europeans, all told. In 1854 there were but

three Englishmen there: one the vice-consul, another the agent of the steamers, and the third a trader. Yet, strange to say, these three isolated Insulars had all quarrelled with and did not speak to each other; a proof of the danger of too much intimacy in a very restricted society.

The immense works on the Suez Canal, and the influx of foreigners which they have brought, have perfectly transformed and recreated the town. The European population congregated there in 1868 amounted to nearly five thousand, and the native population to more than twenty thousand, and this before the opening of the canal. Should that great work fulfil, even in a limited degree, the hopes and the promises of its founders, we may expect a much more remarkable growth even than this. For not only was this canal expected to be the great means of transit between East and West—far India and remote Cathay—but it was also anticipated that it would open up a new trade of which it would have the monopoly, viz., that of the little-known and little-explored region on the coasts of Eastern Africa. The change in the appearance of the town is already scarcely less than magical to the eyes of those who knew it some years ago.

Not to speak of the immense works and buildings connected with the canal, the outside portion of the town comprises the residences of the European inhabitants, concealing almost the original town and its additions, wherein the natives swarm and cluster together in their ill-built houses of mud and stone.

The great hotel of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and the buildings devoted to its rival, the Messageries Nationales (the French line), and other public offices, give a bustling and lively air to this outer town.

The khédive has also built for himself a new palace, on the north side of the town, commanding a magnificent view—a matter which every Turk pays great attention to. Standing within it, the eye beholds the growing town stretching out below; on the right, the lofty mountain-range of Attaka, frowning down on the Red Sea; on the left hand, standing like a sentinel between sea and desert, the traditional Mount Sinai; and, in front, stretching away to the distant horizon, the smooth surface of the Red Sea—one of the bluest and most placid seas, ordinarily, on which human eye can rest. Behind this palace, like a rival sea, spreads out the bare, bleak expanse of the desert, without tree, or shrub, or blade of grass, to break its drear desolation; a scene, in some respects, even more impressive than the agitated face of the ocean.

The port of Suez is large and safe, and is capable of containing five hundred vessels at one time.

But let us enter the centre of the town, where the natives reside, and we shall see how little the external presence of European civilization affects the Arab, for there all is unchanged. His thoughts and his habits follow the old, stereotyped ones of his race, even as his religious belief, and he accepts, with a protest, even the improvements and the gifts of the stranger.

One of the most peculiar features of every Eastern town is its bazaar, and our engraving gives a most familiar and life-like picture of that of Suez. All these bazaars, from the grand and extensive ones of Constantinople and Cairo, down to the small and squalid one of Suez, present much the same characteristics. You enter what seems a long gallery, with a roof of planks above to keep out the sun, and with awnings stretched in parts where the boards have broken away. On each side are long rows of stalls, or niches, with shelves, on which are stowed the goods for sale. In front, squatted on his shop-board, and smoking *chibouque* or *nargile*, sits the proprietor, whose least anxiety seems to be to attract your attention, or induce you to purchase his wares. He never looks at you as you pass by accompanied by your dragoman, who is an advertisement of your being a stranger and possible purchaser. If you stop and accost him he is polite, offers you a seat and a pipe, and shows you any article you ask for, but in a languid, indifferent manner, which would astonish a model salesman. In fact, he seems disappointed if you purchase promptly, and at the price he has named, preferring that you should first smoke many pipes and bargain much before closing the trade. Between two natives to watch a "trade" is as amusing as to witness a comedy, for it is a comedy, and with a great deal of action in it. It is a mistake to suppose that the Arab, like the Turk, is a sedate, silent, and solemn animal. Quite the reverse, he is the Frenchman of the East in loquacity, vivacity, and excitability, and all these qualities come out more strongly in the bazaar than even in the coffee-house. In a country where time is of so little value, and the smallest coin so precious to the poor, as in the East, no purchase is made without protracted higgling, both parties apparently taking the same interest in the struggle, and both equally regretting its termination. Our engraving, to some extent, explains itself. The veiled woman, sitting in the niche, is probably selling cups of coffee or glasses of lemonade. She has her "rights" even in the East, and visits the bazaar to buy or sell freely, the only restriction put upon her being the concealment of her face. You can see gay groups of women chatting and shopping in these bazaars at any time, but custom makes it obligatory on them not to converse with the opposite sex in public, unless with the merchant from whom they are purchasing, or whose wares they are turning over as recklessly as their Western sisters would at Stewart's.

The grave old merchant, squatted near her, is evidently discussing a question of price with a young Arab, and has even laid down his pipe in the ardor of his argument, showing how deep his interest must be. Stretched out his full lazy length behind them—fast asleep—you behold one of the familiar and tolerated plagues of the East, the "kelp" (dog), whose position in those countries is entirely anomalous.

To the Mussulman of all classes the dog is as "unclean" as an animal as the hog, and contact with him is carefully avoided. The highest term of opprobrium is *im kelp* (son

of a dog), and no Mussulman ever owns one. The dogs are "chartered libertines," with no master, and serve as the scavengers of the cities, prowling in packs, houseless, homeless, and feeding from offal or scraps thrown by the charitable. Yet, nevertheless, they are free to come and go as they list through the highways and the by-ways, where they snap and snarl at passers-by, and no man molests them. Profiting by the double privilege of their "uncleanness," which makes the Arab give the way, and the impurity attending their vagabond propensities, the Arab dogs occupy the places they choose in street and in bazaar, and are decidedly a privileged class. A little farther on sits a merchant, bargaining with two European sailors, clad in the regulation shirt and baggy trousers. The earnestness of the Franks in driving their trade contrasts forcibly with the stolid indifference of the Oriental, whose attitude implies a serene indifference, which he probably does not feel. Beyond may be seen a thronging crowd, gossiping, lounging, and trading, in animated groups.

On the opposite side of the bazaar sit two "grand and reverend seignors," playing at some game, probably chess, in which the Orientals are great proficient. The dilapidated appearance of the top of the structure is characteristic. In a country where it does not rain, the integrity of the roof is not a vital necessity, and the structure is at once more picturesque, and kept in worse repair, than in those lands where frequent rains compel water-tight roofs. Another marked peculiarity of these Eastern shopping-places is to be found in the fact that each peculiar trade, or guild, occupies but one portion of the bazaar, the competitors in each branch having their shops, or niches, side by side, instead of scattering over different portions of the space. Thus, whatever may be the article or fabric of which you are in quest, you will go to a particular quarter to get it, and no merchant ever dreams, by look or word, of attracting you to his stall while you are bargaining with his neighbor. As advertising is unknown to this primitive people, so also is under-bidding and unneighborly rivalry, or unfair competition. There are many things, of course, in which the East may take useful lessons from the West, but in these matters it might not be amiss for our civilization to take a leaf out of their book, for their practice is better than ours, though their precepts may not be.

At Constantinople the grand bazaars, of which that city boasts, present one of the most unique, varied, and attractive pictures of life and manners which ever fascinated the eye of the painter or the fancy of the poet. Wandering through its shady, cool, and lofty arcades, your senses dazzled by the display of all that is rich and rare in the products of Eastern looms, or the work of cunning native artificers, surrounded by the picturesque costumes and countenances of the Orient, the traveller feels as though he had been transported back again to the flesh, as he had often been before in the fancy—to the gorgeous old days of Haroun-al-Raschid, that "bright particular star" of his childish imagination. For, all the personages and all

the scenes he read of in those marvellous "Thousand and One Nights," are reproduced here in living and breathing reality before his eyes, and the life that they live has changed but little, if any, since those wondrously-truthful photographs were drawn.

The salient peculiarity of the East is its unchangeableness. One race of men succeed another in sequence of age, but each successor seems to inherit and transmit to his posterity the same habits of life and peculiarities of manners and customs, so that progress in the East means only material development by Europeans, while the natives stand still, and neither admire, imitate, nor emulate the restless energy of their European invaders. As a type of old habits and local peculiarities, the bazaar bids fair to flourish perpetually in that region as one of its most enduring and cherished "institutions."

It may be doubted whether the substitution of the European shop, with all its conveniences, would suit the natives half so well.

## M. THIERS IN HIS STUDY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. DE PONTMARTIN.

[The sketch of M. Thiers here given is taken from the interesting "Causeries du Samedi" of M. Armand de Pontmartin, an ardent political opponent of M. Thiers, but quite disarmed, for the moment, it would seem, by the firm and wise attitude of opposition assumed by his ancient adversary against the destructives. M. de Pontmartin is well known in France, and, since the death of Sainte-Beuve, is perhaps the most eminent of the Parisian literary and historical writers. He is a royalist and anti-democratic in sentiment, but not violently so; and his change of tone toward M. Thiers is a very striking evidence of the confidence felt in the famous statesman by the advocates of a limited monarchy in France. The sketch is in the form, as the reader will perceive, of a familiar *causerie*, or "chat." If we may so translate the word, upon M. Thiers, as he appears in private, seated in his study, and conversing without reserve upon parties, public characters, and subjects connected with literature and art, which are his favorite topics. The picture drawn by M. de Pontmartin is an interesting and striking one; for it is always attractive to have presented to us a familiar sketch of a celebrity *en robe de chambre*, forgetting for the time his public character and all the cares of government, to laugh and talk like an every-day mortal.]

The article bears date May, 1869, just before the great struggle with Prussia, and describes M. Thiers and his surroundings at that time. The "hotel in the Place Sainte-Georges," then occupied by the statesman, was burned in the course of the bombardment, or the Communist conflict subsequent to the surrender of the city; but this fact will, perhaps, add historic interest to M. de Pontmartin's description.]

THE moralists say that glory is but a word, yet the word must at least have a magical power. I defy any one who is gifted with intelligence to enter, without emotion, that hotel in the Place St.-Georges, henceforth the property of history, and ascend, indifferently, the staircase which leads to the study of M. Thiers.

Let us pause a moment before the entrance of the master of the establishment, and look around us. This study, whose European reputation has been popularized by illustration and engraving, is of oblong form, and its windows open upon a gallery above a garden. In this garden, which seems astonished at finding itself in the midst of one



of the noisiest and most populous quarters of Paris, a great tree, festooned with creeping plants, rises from the centre of a mass of shrubbery, of basins, and greensward, which impress upon the visitor a sensation of freshness and solitude. The interior of the laborious retreat would exhaust the studies of an antiquary, the science of an Orientalist, the curiosity of a man of the world, and the attention of an artist. The whole character of M. Thiers is shown in his surroundings, and his life might be narrated from the familiar objects—the instruments and companions of his toils. The bronze figures recall his travels in Italy, and his "History of Florence," which he would speedily finish if his secret preferences were not forced to yield to the duties of the citizen, orator, and statesman. The geographical charts show how often the national historian, the indefatigable publicist, has travelled in imagination in the countries overrun by our arms, or whose relations with France he has so often discussed. The maps of the world, the globes, the scientific collections, remind us that this encyclopedical brain does not confine itself to the special subjects which are the sources of his great reputation; and that, after a session of the Chamber, or an hour spent in reading Thucydides, M. Thiers will go, perhaps, to talk astronomy with M. Leverrier, or discuss spontaneous combustion with M. Pasteur. Masses of pamphlets and newspapers, carefully annotated, betray his examination, each morning, of all that has been written upon the questions of the day, from the pamphlet to the legislative orders. But what first strikes the visitor and excites his astonishment is a collection of water-color paintings after the most celebrated pictures of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and the great masters of the Italian school—paintings whose significance we shall better understand when we have heard M. Thiers speak of his passion for every thing which connects the history of art with the general history of the human mind.

Here he comes; and never did a man's physiognomy better accord with its surroundings. He makes you sit down—the first words are exchanged—and lo! you are under the charm! The portrait of the man is not easy to draw; and the pen which attempts it, like the pencil, is apt to omit many delicate shades. In other times—happy times when men of wit permitted you to laugh at their expense—the journals of caricature seized upon the diminutive stature of M. Thiers, and upon his eyes concealed beneath the huge glasses which he wears; but these are trifling matters, which, to-day, disappear, giving place to traits far more characteristic. Advancing age, renown, the beaming splendor of intelligence, the sweet content of his inner life, and the admirable labors of his external existence, have arranged all that. His small figure is precisely that which you would select as the most appropriate and exquisite type of the honest French citizen; his person is full, without ungraceful obesity; the hair, very fine and of a lustrous whiteness, falls around a forehead of large size, smooth, without wrinkles, whose brown tint betrays a life of travel and his southern birth. The cheeks are full; the mouth an unbent bow, ready to

dart courteous arrows; the eyes, shining beneath the eyebrows, are so lively and eloquent that they seem to light up the spectacles; their expression of attractive good-nature extends to the smiling lips.

But M. Thiers begins to talk, and, forgetting all else, you think of nothing but listening—a strange fact, which we should not believe had we not had personal experience of it. At a time when our celebrities have worn out our former admiration for them by their "confidences," and we see without difficulty beneath the cards, the public life of M. Thiers related at his fireside by himself, without pretension, in the form of a simple and familiar chat, seems far more true, far more real, than it has been in our memories, disfigured as it was by party spirit. His career has been a long one, and he has passed already through three or four revolutions; but his character has been as consistent as public events have been contradictory. He has been, in the fullest meaning of the term, a *Frenchman*, standing in a time of transition between the final disappearance of the old world and the stormy inauguration of a new society. A liberal, born and reared in a land which, cherishing liberty to compromise it, has exaggerated it to lose it, and lost it to regret it, he has preserved, nevertheless, a lively gratitude toward those who have sincerely loved and eloquently defended it. He has remained an honest citizen at a time when this title no longer implies a struggle to sustain, an ambition to gratify, nor an inferiority to efface, and when a man of high intelligence need no longer abase himself to become the equal of any one. Who would not rather be called Thiers, Guizot, Berryer, Ingres, or Auber, than trace his lineage to some knight crusader, better able to cut down the Saracens in combat than to prepare for his descendants in the nineteenth century an honorable place and work?

We can only glance here at the early years of the statesman. Born at the end of the last century, he was reared at Marseilles, amid royalist and Catholic surroundings, and sent to college, where he betrayed an early taste for the exact sciences. People are often astonished at the warlike tendencies of the statesman and writer, at his love for war, for describing battles, and for dwelling upon strategic questions and movements. There is little ground for such astonishment. At his sixteenth or seventeenth year, M. Thiers felt that he was almost forcibly summoned to enter upon a military career. During the gloomy years 1812, 1813, and 1814, which were those of his early manhood, every thing appealed to his imagination and his patriotism—the woes of France, her perils, the clash of arms approaching her frontier, and the impending levy *en masse* of the whole population. At this crisis of painful heroism, and in presence of his country covered with mourning, war no doubt seemed, to the youth full of fire and impulse, what love is to a young man forced afterward into a conventional marriage—what poetry is to the poet of twenty, who finishes by writing prose!

The Restoration came, and M. Thiers repaired to Paris. He is charged with having betrayed a want of good-breeding—to have

been regarded as a sort of curiosity—in the Parisian salons. But who can believe that great ladies like the Princess de Liéven, great noblemen like the Duke de Liancourt, celebrated philosophers like Roger-Collard, judges as hard to please as Baron Louis or Prince Talleyrand, could have singled out, encouraged, and finally adopted, this poor and nameless young man, if he had united vulgarity or importunity with his southern fire and vivacity? M. Thiers speaks with deep gratitude of these first patrons of his youth. You may see coming out, little by little, as he talks—like a distant landscape beneath a ray of the sun—the frowning and redoubtable face of Roger-Collard—the cold and ironical profile of M. de Talleyrand, who made of his long life a long enigma, brilliant with sparkling epigrams and masterly silences—the noble countenance of the Duke de Liancourt, the lofty philanthropist who sacrificed to party the virtue which it fails in most, that of charity—the irascible visage of Baron Louis, the very genius of finance—and, finally, the aristocratic phantom of the Princess de Liéven, who dared to say of Châteaubriand, "He is the only hunchback without wit I have ever met!"

It was under these happy auspices that the young and hardy combatant, M. Thiers, began his career—a man, of whom it may be said that he arrived before he was expected. He touched every branch of human knowledge with a curiosity active but never frivolous. He possessed already that genius for assimilation which, later, was to become one of the distinctive traits of his originality. He learned the art of war from conversation with General Jomini—parliamentary eloquence while listening to General Foy—finance from Baron Louis, or Jacques Lafitte—social and diplomatic movements from Prince Talleyrand—the struggles of journalism from the leading writers of the time, who soon discovered that they had a master in the new auxiliary, so quick to parry, so able to strike with his ideas. He sketched the first outlines of his "History of the Revolution;" became one of the editors of the *Constitutionnel*; found time to occupy himself with art, and criticise the Exhibition of 1822; to write his travels, to ride on horseback, to fence, to practise with the pistol, and to succeed in all these exercises as if he had foreseen that, in the years of storm and conflict then approaching, a man of action, born to take the lead, would require to be familiar with every weapon of defence.

The government of Charles X., having forgotten its origin and liberal promises, the opposition grew vehement; M. Thiers founded the *National*, thereupon, and daily attacked and defied the party in power, demanding that the king should adhere to the chart or jump out of the window! When the struggle came he was first at the breach, and what then took place is known to all. The government of 1830 was a new field of battle for M. Thiers. We cannot detail every incident in our limited space, but shall relate, upon the authority of M. Thiers himself, two curious episodes—the one at the beginning, the other at the death-bed of this royalty, born in tempest, and extinguished in exile.

A true account has never been given of the situation of affairs in this sinister spring of 1832, when the country was afflicted with three plagues at once, any one of which was sufficient to peril society—the cholera, insurrection, and civil war. The insurrection in La Vendée was suppressed, but the people were not pacified. The Duchesse de Berry had seen her illusions vanish, but she had not been arrested, and would not leave France. M. Thiers, at that time Minister of the Interior, could not make his appearance at the Chamber of Deputies, without being overwhelmed with reproaches and menaces, by the deputies of the Left, whose departments suffered from the persistent agitation. One day, the most violent of them seized M. Thiers by the collar, and cried in a great rage:

"You will not arrest her. You would ruin France for the profit of the counter-revolution!"

M. Thiers was then young and proud. He forced his adversary back into his seat, crying:

"Meet me at Auteuil in an hour!—with sword or pistol, I am good at either! I will kill you!"

The deputy made an apology.

An hour afterward M. Thiers received not a cartel, but an anonymous letter, whose writer offered to reveal the hiding-place of the Duchesse de Berry. "But," the letter added, "I exact two conditions: first, that the princess shall in no case run any serious danger; secondly, that you have sufficient confidence in me to meet me this evening, between the hour of eleven and midnight, at such a spot near such a tree in the Champs Élysées."

M. Thiers went. The Champs Élysées were then as deserted and badly lighted as at present they are brilliant and thronged. The unknown awaited him. . . . And now, was it not a moving page of romance, this nocturnal interview between M. Thiers and Deutz? For the unknown was Deutz, and M. Thiers informed me that the wretch betrayed the duchess from jealousy.

Now for the second incident. Eighteen years afterward the theatre had changed—1850 had come, and Louis Philippe was at Clermont, and had but a few more days to live. He desired to see M. Thiers; the wishes of the dying are orders: M. Thiers arrived.

"Here is Helen," said Louis Philippe, familiarly; "you are eloquent, she is a good mother, try to convince her that Paris ought to become reconciled with Chambord."

M. Thiers could not persuade the noble widow; but how solemn and pathetic was the conversation between them by this death-bed in the park, whose winding walk was on the shores of the ocean! A storm arose, and, amid the roar of thunder and the blast, by the pale flashes of lightning, the two discussed these questions *false as the sea*, shifting as the sands. It may be that I deceive myself, but I find here something of Shakespearean grandeur superior to politics and to history.

To return for a moment before concluding my sketch. From 1830 to 1848 M. Thiers

made war on the *personal* government, as he had struggled before against the retrograde tendencies of a king, amiable and good, no doubt, but haunted by the phantoms of '93, and prone, like a repentant sinner, to look with suspicion on the requirements of the modern mind. M. Thiers desired that the king should relinquish to his ministers foreign affairs, as he had relinquished the interior; that, loving peace, he should not fear war; that his tone to foreign powers should be a little more decided. . . . Such was the position of M. Thiers under the reign of Louis Philippe—a lukewarm friend, an opponent acting in good faith, a necessary ally, an admirable orator. Called too late to the death-bed of this dynasty, which passed in twenty-four hours from apparent health to a dying condition, M. Thiers was regarded, in the first months of the republic of February, with transient unpopularity. But he emerged from the moment of trial a deputy, a publicist, armed at all points, and a hundred times more influential than when he was prime-minister. This was the epoch in which he rendered his greatest services to society, to civilization, and to the liberty of conscience. At the same time he pursued, with immense talent, success, and moral authority, his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," which will remain the finest historical monument of our century. Then, at each new exhibition of the discord or inconsistency of party, the historian became the prophet. When his prophecies were fulfilled, a few months of exile were followed by ten years of retirement—a retirement laborious and fruitful, in which M. Thiers would willingly have remained, finishing his great work, preparing his "History of Florence," surrounded by sweet affections and precious friendships, returning to his tastes as an artist, a collector, and a scholar, if politics had not again carried him off by main force. Alone of all the statesmen of the great parliamentary epoch, M. Thiers could play a great part, and exercise a great influence, where liberty in disgrace required an energetic and eloquent defender.

Let us pause here. Too long for a portrait, too short for a biographical essay, this page leaves M. Thiers where it found him, at his own fireside, talking familiarly in front of his water-colors of the "Transfiguration" and the "Last Judgment," explaining his political views, recounting his life, bringing back to juster sentiments his ancient adversaries, simple and natural, arousing sympathy without demanding admiration, having the art to persuade you of what he believes, and grow animated as he talks, mingling incessantly wit and the soundest sense—such is M. Thiers.

## A SHAKESPEARIAN MEMORANDUM.

**D**RONING away a lazy half-hour in a Nassau-Street burrow of bookworms the other day, the writer stumbled, quite by accident, upon this sentence in the opening paragraph of a Shakespeare panegyric: "Yet,

as if the ordinary construction of the drama did not afford sufficient scope for his unbounded energies, as if he could not crowd his conception within the allotted range, Shakespeare is fond, at times, of multiplying difficulties; for it is to this tendency that must be attributed the double action in some of his plays, the principal action having its shadow in some contemporaneous and subordinate one." The double action, which the critic thus summarily explains, is obvious to the casual reader, and apparently very simple and natural. Hamlet avenging his father is accompanied by Laertes avenging his, the shadow of the cranky Dane in person and action; mad Lear, the victim of filial ingratitude, is repeated in Gloucester. Examples also occur in "Taming the Shrew," in Falstaff usurping the personality of Henry IV., in Buckingham interpreting Gloucester, and elsewhere in dominant profusion, though less distinct in emphasis. It seems apologetic, however, rather than explanatory, to refer this double action to excess of dramatic invention, though it implies fecundity of invention in degree not shared by the contemporaries of the great dramatist, and, from the stand-point of mere yardstick criticism, demonstrates his superiority. Little did he regard the unities as then understood, and handed down from the classic as fixed rules of dramatic anatomy. But he did introduce a new unity—that of Nature, observation, and predominant sentiment—into dramatic construction; and thus his plays have progress, depend very little upon startling and sensational effects, and are unsurpassable in the subordination of details to the general result. They were not constructed, they grew just as an oak grows from the acorn. They are organic bodies, and take their unity from the quality of being organic and imbued at all crises with the organizing vitality of the *motif*; though, as organic bodies are not always symmetrical in the Phidian sense, so the dramas of Shakespeare are often as irregular and apparently erratic as a Gothic cathedral compared with the Parthenon. He was Gothic in his art; his contemporaries were Greek in theirs. He obeyed Nature with a perception of Nature that was almost *clairvoyant*; they followed certain laws prescribing a leg here, an arm there, and thus erected dramatic statues to the vitalization of which no magic of pen or fancy was equal. They invented plots and scenes, then soldered them together according to Sophocles; he caught masses of literary protoplasm, if the metaphor be allowable, and vivified them. They were conscious of their art, and their art was of a rule-of-three and geometrical kind; he was unconscious and instinctive, as all mastery in poetry, the drama, painting, or fiction, necessarily must be. His method was that of observation; but he saw in humanity what "rare Ben Jonson" and Marlowe did not see, having the deep insight which they lacked. They impersonated humors, whims, caprices; he created men and women. For example, in Ford's "Broken Heart," Bassanes is not a jealous man, but jealousy incarnate—the impersonation of a passion, not a man exhibiting a passion. Again, what is Shirley's Traitor but the incarnation of perfidy? what Morose,

in Ben Jonson's "Epicæne," but a nervous gentleman's dislike of street-noises? In their emphasis of the humor or whim, they lost sight of the man, and exhausted ingenuity and invention in contriving situations for an incarnate trait. Shakespeare, on the contrary, expended no invention in that direction, and was often less original than they in his plots; but his *dramatis personæ* were so managed as to seem to create the situations through which they were illustrated. They allowed whims and humors to govern the construction; he instinctively comprehended that, however amusing whims and humors might be as accessories, they were inadequate as motives. Now, in the study of real man, from the tragic or the comic stand-point, the predominant passion or emotion of a life always and inevitably, because naturally, foreshadows the culmination. There are types of the end in every career, in every biography; and, in the acting drama, it is only by means of these symbols of the *finale* that the spectator is enabled to trace the progress of the passion or to identify himself with it. In the "Broken Heart," for example, the suppressed passion of the last scene is appalling; but there is nothing to lead to it. It is a tremendous boulder-crag, with no mountain behind it—startling, awfully sensational, but wholly unnatural. By Shakespeare, the catastrophe would have been dimly foreshadowed; something more would have been seen of the princess beforehand—some determining passion to take hold of the sympathies of the spectator, and draw him on, with a kind of fascinated half-consciousness, to the conclusion. To conceal a plot wholly, and spring the *finale* upon the spectator like a jack-in-the-box, is not art, except in its most sensational aspect. To lead him on, step by step, sympathizing with action, vaguely and dawningly conscious of the end, nowhere hoodwinked by tricks and led off for leagues on a false scent, the foreshadowing action typifying, but not explaining, the coming—this is the art of Nature and Shakespeare. The free humor and invention seem to move spontaneously, the imagination vivifying and coloring with apparently exuberant profusion, but always subordinated to the predominant and controlling motive. Contrast Pindar's lyrics with Poe's, Shelley's with Tennyson's, and the distinction is illustrated. Contrast "King Lear" and "Hamlet" with the "Broken Heart," the "Faithful Shepherdess," the "Maid's Tragedy," the "Virgin Martyr," the "Fatal Dowry." Indeed, an art-creation without this element of foreshadow and double action can have no progress, and has no psychological basis; and the existence of the element in the dramas of Shakespeare, so far from indicating an abundance of invention and frolic of unbounded energies, is demonstrative proof of his greatness as an artist, and of the instinctive building after a model of beauty in the mind, like one of Plato's innate ideas, unconscious until embodied, that distinguishes poetic masters. Besides, in actual life, great types of wickedness always group about them lesser types of the same, and *vice versa*.

F. G. FAIRFIELD.

## MISCELLANY.

*Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.*

### AT THE DIAMOND-FIELDS.

DAWN AT CAMP.

MY first day at Dutoitspan broke with the splendor too common. For a month afterward, I woke each dawn to see the same pure heaven, green as a turquoise. In other lands, the fine effects of sunrise are produced by a thousand murky clouds, which burn and glow and fall in shade. The South-African sun needs no such counterfoils to dazzle. The clouds of night are all drawn off and hid before he shows himself. With twilight they vanish. On all the brightening sky not one gray stain is left when, with a bound, the sun leaps into sight. At his first glance the pale-green tint rolls off like a mist dissolving, and reveals the under blue. To him who turns out earliest, as did I that day, there is no welcome to the light's return such as Dame Nature offers in more happy climes. No birds sing, no insects move, no curling mists absorb the level rays. Like a blown flame the sunshine strikes your face, eager, exultant. Blue on the dusty ground it throws your giant shadow. One instant all above is soft, pellucid ether; the next, a flaming disk leaps clear above the low white mounds of gravel. It seems to rise full-armed, and one seeks shelter from its rays before the day is a half-hour old. Fiercer grows the stilly heat with every moment, till such a point is reached as neither tropic can excel. Unkempt and yawning, the camp springs into life. The earliest beam has stirred each sleeper, and they lounge out from a thousand tents to wash in the open air. The streets begin to stir. Wagons and carts drive up to the market-square, and render in the statement of their produce at the office. The broad tables of the market, set out in the middle of the square, are covered with "lots." The market-master, pocket-book in hand, climbs up, and treads among them gingerly. All English vegetables are found there, disposed in tiny heaps, and fruit, and meat, and game, and ostrich-feathers. Great part of the interior trade has already been diverted to Dutoitspan, and the colony complains. *Karosses*, or cloaks of fur, leopard, hyena, jackal, gold and silver lynx, springbok, otter, and all sorts of skin, have risen to double prices under the competition of the fields. Fine ostrich-feathers, always expensive in the colony, fetch a fabulous price. Even ivory, in its rough state of neither ornament nor use, finds purchasers at an extravagant figure. The square is crowded long before the moment of opening. It is a rendezvous of the idle, for those who have not business in hand long since have got their breakfasts and begun the day's monotonous employ. At five o'clock the dust is flying from sieve and riddle, and the sorter's arm is moving to and fro. But those who hold in charge the catering department of their tent-fellows, crowd the market-square, and press around the tables. They form a throng as rough to view as one will meet in any country. Water, at one shilling and sixpence the "half-arm," is legibly written on their grimy faces. I had not here to learn how conventional are our notions upon the subject of washing. When men have urged on me the vital necessity of a morning tub for the mere preservation of existence, I have said, "Go you to the Egyptian Desert, as I have done, and learn that tubbing is a luxury and nothing more." As such I have always used and enjoyed it, knowing that man can exist, and comfortably too, upon one mere

damping in the week. It is but a matter of getting through the first half-hour of the day. The frowy feeling passes off in that brief space, and one enjoys the succeeding hours as happily as if shampooed in a Turkish bath before breakfast. But, if I had entertained any doubts at all upon this point, ten minutes' visit to the market-square would have convinced me. Scores, if not hundreds of these men, were moving evidences of the fact. They laughed, and talked, and walked about, and bid, and carried off their purchases, as like to comfortable housekeepers as need be; and none had washed his face for an indeterminate time. Two senses assured me of this truth—the eye and the nose.

### HOUSE-KEEPING.

The afternoon I employed in getting ready my room at Bultfontein House. This is the building from a wall of which diamonds were picked out at an early time of the diggings. It is of unburned brick, very crumbly. No roof is visible from the outside, but, looking at it from my stretcher-bed, I can tell you it is flat. One-half the house was at that time used by a storekeeper, and Mr. Webb's hospitality thus endured a drawback. It was wonderful to see what numerous crowds could be entertained at Christmas-time and other festivals in a dining-room twelve feet by nine, and a bedroom sixteen feet square. But the storekeeper has now left, and "The Residence" better becomes the company's dignity. My own room measured nine feet by eight, and no man on all the diggings could be so luxuriously situated. A brick house, if you please, and thatched roof! No tent to shiver and swelter in—no iron roof to grill! Nemesis, however, hung overhead; she took the shape of beetles on this occasion. Each beam in the ceiling—we will call it a ceiling—sheltered a million or so of the most industrious and lively insects of which science preserves the description. What that description is, turn up the book and see. I will only tell of them that they seemed to be all shoulders, with an invisible head. Clicking and grating, they worked day and night inside the beams, puffing out a little cloud of dust every few moments. This wood-powder lay the eighth of an inch thick over all my "furniture" in a morning. Besides the beetles, there were ants, which ate little holes in the wall. There were also fleas, which ate little holes in me. There was a vehement suspicion of scorpions, whereof I caught an excellent specimen upon the mantel-shelf of the dining-room. Snakes were thought possible; stray dogs a certainty; even a goat strolled in once and bellowed at me. The chapter of possibilities is larger at the fields than anywhere I know. Circumstance is full of fun there. Mighty uncomfortable are we all out yonder; sick for good food, good drink, and the pleasures of life. But nowhere, not even in Galway, are more, or more humorous events astir, and nowhere is there heartier laughter. The "Carbolic Chamber," as my precious room was called, had peculiar advantages for the arrival of the unexpected. It held no communication with the house, opening only to the outside. Its door was cut in two pieces, breadthwise, so that a man could push his head in without violating the lock. It had long been uninhabited, and vagrant creatures had learned a habit of resorting there when incapacitated for finding their way home.

Our house-keeping at Bultfontein was the most humorous thing imaginable. Mr. Webb had the misfortune to possess two maid-servants, rather "off-color," as diggers say, but really good-looking. Nothing to compare with these girls for many a mile around. Need one tell the consequence? Lovers came wooing, and our dinner went to the



dogs. Four hours every day these damsels demanded to be employed in strolling round Dutoitspan, dressed like duchesses on the rampage. I don't wish the reader to think the poor girls worse than they were. The strolling, and dressing, and lolling about, was just an instinct, I take it, of their African nature. They had both been brought up by missionaries, and (an Afriander would say, in consequence) they had endured "misfortunes" at an early age. But, as the accident had not lowered them in any one's opinion of their associates, so it had not lowered them in their own. Good qualities they had, which reconciled Mr. Webb to a good deal of over-roasting and over-dressing, under-boiling and under-morality. Great familiarity with diamonds breeds contempt. Our servants pocketed the double of their wages per month by the half-crown reward for each stone discovered in laying the cloth or sweeping the floor. For sovereigns and bank-notes they received a shilling apiece. If they sang so loud with the lovers at night, under the intoxicating influence of an African moon, one at least of them never got drunk, and the other only showed vinous excitement by pinching her comrade's head—a diversion that did us no harm, unless our tender hearts had been stirred, which they were not, by the wailings of that unfortunate. Then their love-affairs were mighty amusing. Both entertained the addresses of gentlemen who wooed them *pour le bon motif*, and constantly brought us letters showing an abject devotion.

#### THE DIGGINGS.

Saw this day a very handsome stone found at Dutoitspan by Mr. S—, a gentleman in the company's employ. He had actually worked eleven months without success. It weighed nineteen and one-quarter carats, and was almost, if not quite white, without flaw. Went to New Rush, searching for Captain Rolleston, but ignorant of the number of his claim. Though this gentleman is really the discoverer of diamond-digging in South Africa, one might as well seek a particular John Smith in the streets of London. I had not before visited the actual diggings of this wondrous *kopje*. They lie behind the white heaps which tower above the highest of the little houses. We reach their foot, and turn sharply round them to the right. It would need a greater mastery of words than mine to give a just idea of the scene that opens behind that mask of soil thrown up. The ground, which was once a hill, is cut into—where to shall I compare the labyrinth of pits? Nothing in the whole world, I think, suggests the like. Claims spread out like a fan round the hill-top, so much of it as is left—a rock stripped bare. Not an inch of soil has been wasted. The fifteen-foot road which law exacts between each line of claims is undermined, and poorly strengthened with trunks and branches of trees. There are twelve such roads. No parapet protects the wandering stranger, or the toiling neophyte. Every day there are accidents, and an accident means death. Holding to one of the posts by which buckets are hauled up and down, you crane your neck over the edge, and look down into the gulf. You draw back in amazement, with an exclamation! There is another world down yonder, sixty feet below! The crowd is almost as great as that around you. Naked blacks, diminished to the size of children, are shovelling, picking, and loading—hundreds of them, in that cool, shadowed, subterranean world. They fill buckets with crumbling earth, and endlessly haul them up and down on pulleys. Some are swarming to the surface on rope ladders. There is an endless cry, and laugh, and ring of metal, down below. Buckets rise and fall with the regularity of a machine. On the top they are detached and emptied in a heap, ready for conveyance to the

sieve. There are not many claims in the best part of New Rush where sorting can be done at the pit's mouth. The white, dry earth is carted off to the outer edge, and goes to swell the monstrous piles that lie there. Upon the surface—so much as is left of it, which is but the twelve roadways—what a swarm of busy men! They look well to do, and many are quite neat. The reason is, probably, because men have wealth here. Each of them has paid some hundreds, or, it may be, thousands, for his right to dig. If he does not work himself, he puts in a trustworthy man upon the system of half profits for his capital. But the working partner must have considerable means, seeing he has all wages and expenses of the blacks to pay. This runs into money at first, but before a week is out he has, perhaps, recouped himself three or four times over. Perhaps, however, he has not.—“*To the Cape for Diamonds*,” by Frederick Boyle.

#### COSTUME OF BRIDES.

From ancient days our maidenly brides have arrayed themselves in robes of lustrous whiteness for the marriage ceremony. Their principal outer dress has been made of various materials—silk, muslin, cloth of silver. Fashion has given innumerable diversities to its length, fulness, and details; but its appropriate color has always been typical of simplicity and spotless innocence. Cases could, of course, be mentioned of girls who, in obedience to the humor of a coterie or a transient whim of society, have departed from the ancient practice of English womanhood, and worn at their weddings silks of dark or brilliant hues. Thrift also now and then decides a damsel to select for her costly wedding-garment a fabric whose color, without being devoid of lightness and delicacy, promises to endure longer than too perishable white. The old and universal rule, however, is not affected by the exceptional deviations. If the Elizabethan poet, who declared black the widow's, purple the wife's, and white the maiden's color, were to visit Victorian England, he would find his dictum in accordance with the usage of our brides of first marriages in the gentle and prosperous circles of society. A widow, at her remarriage, provokes no criticism by wearing a silk of sober or fuscous tint. It is, indeed, held by some critics that any color, with the single exception of black, is more appropriate than white for a gentlewoman's robe of state at her second marriage, and that she has no more right to the dress of virginal brides than to the decoration of wreath and veil, or to the services of bridesmaids. But, in our polite and richer classes, the girl who arranges to be married in any color but white, takes a sure means of making her bridal doings talked about as savoring of eccentricity.

Even more than for the whiteness of her dress, which was no peculiar distinction of her particular kind of womanhood, the bride of old time was remarkable for three ornaments, which no unmarried girl might presume to wear, unless she were a spouse on her way to the celebration of her nuptials. The three ornaments were the ring on her finger, the brooch on her breast, and the garland on her head. The brooch signified maidenly innocence; and the garland, typical of the gladness and dignity of wedlock, was the crown of victory accorded to her for subduing the temptations to evil that had beset her on her virtuous course from childhood to matrimony.

No widow, on her remarriage, might wear a garland; nor any bride whose virginal fame had suffered from her own wickedness or lightness. It was the coronet that the good girl bore on her way to church, and throughout the celebration of her wedding, and during the subsequent festivities. In the Eastern churches it was blessed by the priest

who presided over the hallowing rites of its wearer's marriage. The Western churches do not appear to have accorded sacerdotal benediction to the symbolical crown; but there is abundant evidence that the clergy encouraged the brides of mediæval England to regard the mystic garland with religious reverence, and to prize the right to wear it as one of the choicest privileges of their sex. It is a matter of uncertainty how the practice of crowning brides came to the Anglo-Saxons, who may have originated for themselves so simple and natural a custom, or have derived it from one of the several ancient nations who preceded the Teutonic tribes in the observance of the usage, which adorns the brides of Victorian England with coronals of seringa and orange-blossoms.

In the earlier times of our Christian story our forefathers crowned both the bride and groom with chaplets of flowers; but, when the wreath had become a religious symbol and sacred ornament, its use was confined to female spouses.

It was not uncommon for the bride of old time to carry her chaplet in her hand on the way to church, and to defer wearing it till the ceremony of marriage had been actually performed; but, though the records mention numerous cases of brides thus postponing their coronation, girls went to the porch with garlands on their heads, even when the ceremony of crowning them was performed in the church with the circlet provided by the wardens. For many a day, also, in addition to the chaplet actually worn by the bride, she received circlets prepared for her adornment by guests invited to her wedding. Cakes and coronals for the bride were gifts made at a marriage by persons who could not afford costlier tokens of good-will to her; and, in her inability to eat all the sweetmeats and wear all the chaplets thus brought to her hands, she used them for the entertainment and decoration of her friends. Girls, walking in procession behind a bride, not seldom carried circlets of gilded wheat-ears or flowers.

For several generations nothing was placed on the bride's head between her chaplet and her hair, which, in accordance with Anglo-Saxon usage, she wore in long, loose tresses—just as little girls of the present day wear their unrestrained locks—in sign of her freedom. In what are vaguely termed Anglo-Saxon times, the privilege of wearing the hair long and loose was peculiar to damsels born of free parents. Servile girls wore their hair cropped short; and maidens of honorable extraction lost the right of letting their tresses fall over their shoulders, as soon as matrimony had qualified their freedom with something of servile condition. On laying aside the bridal crown, the new-married Anglo-Saxon wife bound up her hair in bands or volutes, significant of her subjection to a master.

Throughout the strictly feudal portion of our history, English girls preserved, without invariably obeying it, the custom which, in pre-Norman times, ordained that the virginal spouse, of free birth and spotless fame, should wear her hair lengthy and free over her shoulders at the celebration of her nuptials. When Margaret Tudor—whose matrimonial experiences demand the student's especial consideration—married James of Scotland, she wore “a vairy riche collar of gold, of pyrrery and perles round her neck, and the croune upon hyr hed, her hayre hangyng. Betwix the saide croune and the hayres was a vairy riche coiffe hangyng down behind the whole length of her bodye.” That is to say, she was crowned and veiled, and also wore flowing hair. In the following century, at the celebration of her marriage with the palatine, Elizabeth Stuart wore “her hair dishevelled about her shoulders,” the brightness

of the rich silken tresses, that fell to her waist, being heightened by the pearls and diamonds that were artfully distributed over the floating cloud of hair, instead of being concentrated in dazzling and inharmonious stars and crescents.

The origin of the English bride's veil is one of those disputed questions that will never be settled. What of late years became the most conspicuous feature of her costume may be nothing more than a milliner's substitute for the flowing tresses which in old time concealed not a few of the bride's personal attractions, and covered her face when she knelt at the altar; an opinion countenanced by the fact that Elizabeth Stuart was not thought to require an artificial veil, since Nature had given her such an abundance of circumfluent hair. It may, notwithstanding my inability to think so, have had its origin in the mystic canopy of which sufficient mention has been made. It may have had its origin in the veil of the Hebrew marriage ceremony, or the yellow veil of the old Roman brides. It may come from the same religious source as the veil which was largely used by Christians in the ninth century, and which, in the diocese of Bologna, was at a later period made to envelop both the bride and the bridegroom during the performance of the ecclesiastical rite of matrimony. It may also be a mere amplification of the coif which our mediæval brides used to wear between the garland and the hair—of such a coif, for instance, as Margaret Tudor wore under her coronet at her wedding with the King of Scotland. In this last case the bridal veil and the housemaid's cap have the same origin.

Though the sixteenth century was a time when brides of gentle birth were usually arrayed in the fashion followed in the next century by the Princess Elizabeth, and though it was also a period when parochial authorities showed excellent liberality in providing durable circlets for the use of brides, the veil and the chaplet were often dispensed with at its weddings, as superfluities of bridal costume. In the country, girls of the humblest social degrees went to the porch with coronals of wild-flowers or miniature wheat-sheaves upon their heads, but never ventured to assume the coif of fair and ample folds. In the town, an humble bride—say the daughter of a small tradesman or prosperous craftsman—was content to wear a small trim cap on her neatly-bound hair, on her way to church. When Mr. Atkinson, scrivener of the parish of St. Mary Wolnoth, a man of substance and respectability, married his three daughters, on the same day of the year 1560, to suitable spouses, the girls wore neither chaplets nor veils, although their goodly apparel comprised "chains, pearls, and stones," and though their "goodly caps" were trimmed with fine lace and gold thread. Each of them was probably crowned for a brief minute with the parochial circlet, as a matter of form, in the church of St. Mary Wolnoth; but they walked back from the sacred building to the wedding-feast at their father's house, over a carpet of rosemary and flowers, unveiled, and without coronals upon their lace caps.—*Jay-fewen's "Brides and Brides."*

#### STATE AGENCY.

This awe of power by the help of which social subordination has been, and still is, chiefly maintained—this feeling which delights to contemplate the imposing, be it in military successes, or be it in the grand pageantries, the sounding titles, and the sumptuous modes of living that imply supreme authority—this feeling which is offended by outbreaks of insubordination, and acts or words of a disloyal kind, is a feeling that inevitably generates

delusions respecting governments, their capacities, their achievements. It transfigures them and all their belongings, as does every strange emotion the objects toward which it is drawn out. Just as maternal love, idealizing offspring, sees perfections but no defects, and believes in the future good behavior of a worthless son, notwithstanding countless broken promises of amendment; so this power-worship idealizes the state, as embodied either in a despot, or in king, lords, and commons, or in a republican assembly, and continually hopes in spite of continual disappointments.

How awe of power sways men's political beliefs will be perceived on observing how it sways their religious beliefs. We shall best see this by taking an instance supplied by people whose religious ideas are extremely crude. Here is an abstract of a description given by Captain Burton:

"A pot of oil, with a lighted wick, was placed every night, by the half-breed Portuguese Indians, before the painted doll, the patron saint of the boat in which we sailed from Goa. One evening as the weather appeared likely to be squally, we observed that the usual compliment was not offered to the patron, and had the curiosity to inquire why. 'Why?' vociferated the tindal (captain), indignantly, 'if that chap can't keep the sky clear he shall have neither oil nor wick from me, d—n him!' 'But I should have supposed that in the hour of danger you would have paid him more than usual attention!' 'The fact is, Sahib, I have found out that the fellow is not worth his salt; the last time we had an infernal squall with him on board, and if he does not keep this one off I'll just throw him overboard, and take to Santa Caterina; hang me if I don't—the brother-in-law!' (brother-in-law, a common term of insult.)"

To us it seemed scarcely imaginable that men should thus behave to their gods and demi-gods—should pray to them, should insult and sometimes castigate them for not answering their prayers, and then should presently pray to them again. Let us pause a moment before we laugh. Though in the sphere of a religion, our conduct does not present such a contradiction, yet a contradiction essentially similar is betrayed by our conduct in the political sphere. Perpetual disappointment does not here cure us of perpetual expectation. Conceiving the state agency as though it were something more than a cluster of men (a few clever, many ordinary, and some decidedly stupid), we ascribe to it marvellous powers of doing multitudinous things which men otherwise clustered are unable to do. We petition it to procure for us, in some way which we do not doubt it can find, benefits of all orders; and pray it with unflinching faith to secure us from every fresh evil. Time after time our hopes are balked. The good is not obtained, or something bad comes along with it; the evil is not cured, or some other evil as great or greater is produced. Our journals, daily and weekly, general and local, perpetually find failures to dilate upon; now blaming, and now ridiculing, first this department and then that. And yet, though the rectification of blunders, administrative and legislative, is a main part of public business—though the time of the legislature is chiefly occupied in amending, and again amending, until, after the many mischiefs implied by these needs for amendments, there often comes at last repeal; yet from day to day increasing numbers of wishes are expressed for legal repressions and state management. This emotion, which is excited by the forms of governmental power, and makes governmental power possible, is the root of a faith that springs up afresh, however often cut down.

If we array in order the facts daily brought

to light, but which unhappily drop out of men's memories as fast as others are added, we find a like history throughout. Now the complaint is of the crumbling walls of the Houses of Parliament, which, built of stone chosen by a commission, nevertheless begin to decay in parts first built before other parts are completed. Now the disclosure is about a new fort at Seaford, based on the shingle so close to the sea that a storm washes a great part of it away. And now there comes the account of a million and a half spent in building the Alderney harbor, which, being found worse than useless, threatens to entail further cost for its destruction. Scarcely a journal can be taken up that has not some blunder referred to in a debate, or brought to light by a report, or pointed out in a letter, or commented on in a leader. Do I need an illustration? I take up the *Times* of this morning (November 13th), and read that the new bankruptcy law, substituted for the bankruptcy laws which failed so miserably, is administered in rooms so crowded and noisy that due care and thought on the part of officials are scarcely possible; and, further, that, as one part of the court sits in the city and another part in Lincoln's Inn, solicitors have often to be in both places at the same time. Do I need more illustrations? They come in abundance between the day on which the foregoing sentence was written and the day (November 20th) on which I revise it. Within this short time mismanagement has been shown in a treatment of the police that has created a mutiny among them; in a treatment of government copying-clerks that causes them publicly to complain of broken promises; in the treatment of postmen that calls from them disrespectful behavior toward their superiors; all at the same time that there is going on the controversy about park rules, which have been so issued as to evade constitutional principles, and so administered as to bring the law into contempt. Yet, as fast as there come proofs of maladministration, there come demands that administration shall be extended. Just as in societies made restive by despotism, we see that, for the evils and dangers brought about, the remedy is more despotism; just as we see that, along with the falling power of a decaying papacy, there goes, as the only fit cure, a reassertion of papal infallibility with emphatic obligations from a council; so, to set right the misdoings of state agency, the proposal is always more state agency. When, after long continuance of coal-mine inspection, coal-mine explosions keep recurring, the cry is for more coal-mine inspection. When railway accidents multiply, notwithstanding the oversight of officials appointed by law to see that railways are safe, the unhesitating demand is for more such officials. Though, as Lord Salisbury lately remarked of governing bodies deputed by the state, "They begin by being enthusiastic and extravagant, and they are very apt to end in being wooden;" though, through the press and by private conversation, men are perpetually reminded that, when it has ceased to wield the new broom, each deputy governing power tends to become either a king stork that does mischief or a king log that does nothing—yet more deputy governing powers are asked for with unwavering faith. While the unwisdom of officialism is daily illustrated, the argument for each proposed new department sets out with the postulate that officials will act wisely. After endless comments on the confusion and apathy and delay of government offices other government offices are advocated. After ceaseless ridicule of red tape, the petition is for more red tape. Daily we castigate the political idol with a hundred pens, and daily pray to it with a thousand tongues.—HERBERT SPENCER.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THIS JOURNAL, as a rule, withholds from the discussion of issues of a political character. But, while rigidly guarding against the expression of partisan opinions, it may with all propriety consider the tendency of political movements, and discuss from a philosophical point of view those issues that fundamentally affect the welfare of the country. So far as it takes a stand at all, it wishes to be considered as united with that small body of thinkers who aim to limit the functions of government, and who believe that the best results accrue to that people who enjoy the largest liberty in the employment of their energies. If there is a mission now before the world worthy of the genius of great leaders, it is one which would aim to subordinate the uses and the authority of government, to expose its incapacity for every function beyond that of maintaining order and securing justice, and to establish the broad principle, once commonly asserted but now forgotten, that that is the best-governed country which is governed least.

Under the influence of this great principle it is our present purpose to give a brief consideration to a political evil now occupying the attention of every thoughtful person. The official corruption that prevails in low places and high places is one of the most alarming exhibitions of the times. It has led people to believe in a general decadence of virtue, and it obviously threatens the wreck of republican institutions. But this abounding evil is absolutely no evidence of a decay of virtue, but rather of a multiplication of those conditions that by providing opportunity increase the temptations of men. The commercial and political frauds now so common are both products of the developed relations of men; they are outgrowths of immensely multiplied social and business interchanges, of which ancient times had no conception. The invention of banking has been a great boon to the world; but, out of the intimate and intricate transactions thus created, have sprung a class of frauds which were before almost unknown. The multiplicity of affairs greatly increases the aggregate of frauds without increasing their proportion. In private life, at least, integrity and virtue have advanced, as we may see by the decline of gambling, of amorous intrigues, of demoralizing sports, and of cruelty, even while instances of malfeasance multiply all around us. The reason of this we have already intimated. In earlier times there was no such crime known as breach of trust; but this simply arose from the fact that mutual confidence was not sufficient to establish trust. It was really necessary for public virtue and general confidence to make great advances before mutual relations could exist of a character to permit the possibility of breaches of trust. We thus see one class of frauds born of an increase of

public honor. We may safely say that there are now daily more transactions in Wall Street involving entire mutual confidence and trust than five hundred years ago occurred for a year in the largest of then existing kingdoms.

We can only now thus briefly indicate the cause of the increase of commercial frauds, because our present purpose is to lead the reader to the consideration of the prevalent corruption in official places. This corruption has increased because of many reasons, all of which we cannot refer to now, but mainly as a consequence of the developed complex interests of society. The railroads, which in less than a half-century have become so powerful in commerce and formidable in politics, alone account for a great proportion of recent legislative corruption. Their managers besiege the doors of Congress; they are in every State capital; they employ vast wealth, great ingenuity, and continually obtain their ends by bribery and corruption so subtle that their tools scarcely understand the success with which they have been bought and sold. As time progresses this interest will immensely increase, and it is obvious that, unless some check is imposed, it will fairly own and control all our governments, general and local. In time it will not simply purchase Legislatures; it will go to the source, and secure the election of legislators to suit its ends; as, indeed, this has already been done in a few instances. In our railway system as it stands related to government, we have a foreshadowing of what the future will be in many other things. Interests of other kinds will combine to secure their ends, and government will be converted into an instrument for the furtherance of private purposes. Even official matters continually multiply in details and enlarge in transaction, as the post-office notably bears witness; and, if to this necessary expansion of duties government essays to keep paternal relations to the immensely differentiated interests of society; if it hopes, in addition to the care of the army and the navy, to the protection of the border, to the collection of revenues, to look after education, build colleges, foster science, encourage art, adjust the interests of a thousand trades, regulate telegraphs, railways, and steamboats, it will in time become not only overwhelmed with details, but its relations to all these interests will lead to the organizations of powerful cliques looking to its manipulation. Already the power of the lobby is immense; it is almost our master now, and soon will rule the country despotically and resistlessly.

And it is entirely useless for us to imagine that this tendency can be arrested by simply changing our rulers. The well-meant efforts made by worthy people to secure the election of good men to office deserve our praise and coöperation; and yet these efforts have almost uniformly been futile, and will never, we may be certain, have any marked or wide influence

on the evil. We cannot remedy ingrained evils by a change of names. We may shift from one set of men to another till doomsday, and still the evil will remain—will always exist unless we reach the disease at its root, and act upon the causes. In a majority of cases it is simply impossible for the average voter to determine, of a list of names offered him, who are worthy and who are not; who are seeking office for just ends, and who for private gain. The opportunities which public office give for plunder bring forward as candidates a class who are ingenious, plausible, adroit, skilled in deceit, and often the most intelligent people are deceived in them. We can never get honest and wise administration by simply struggling to select between Smith and Brown; and we even can never get effective administration by merely securing honest men, because virtuous folk are as often mischievous through ignorance as vicious men through corruption.

Where, then, may be sceptically asked, lies our remedy? Without ceasing our watchfulness over those in places of trust, while still laboring to promote a higher public sentiment, without neglecting every means within our power to secure men of probity for public office, we must look for a general remedy for the evils deplored by treating methods rather than persons. We indicated how this is to be done at the beginning of this article. It is by narrowing and simplifying the functions of government. It is by withdrawing altogether from legislation those innumerable matters out of which springs the prevalent corruption. We have shown that in commercial affairs the increase of crime has simply arisen from the multiplication of transactions. In political affairs we must arrest fraud by reducing government to a minimum of duties. "The uses of government," says a recent writer, "are in inverse ratio to the development of society." We may add that the virtue of government—at least of republican or representative government—is in inverse ratio to its functions. Society has now become so complex and self-sustaining that it requires of government little more than the maintenance of order and the administration of justice. Private energy is sufficient to accomplish every thing else. We can prevent corruption in a great measure by excluding from legislation nearly all those matters out of which arise the scandals of the time. Railroads may be built, banks conducted, stock-companies organized—almost all the interests of commerce and trade developed—under a few general laws. History gives ample evidence that every human interest flourishes best left to its own untrammelled devices. In the whole history of laws we find that government has never interfered to encourage trade without injuring trade, never promoted or protected one class of interests without injuring others, rarely attempted to aid literature and the arts without retarding their free and expansive growth, never even hoped to



prevent pauperism without promoting poverty, never, in the language of Buckle, ever accomplished any good in these directions whatever, excepting by occasionally undoing this year the evil it had inflicted last year. How few of us realize the really limited uses of government! Even its importance as a police is overstated, and so badly does it often perform this function, that we sometimes find grave citizens debating whether vigilance committees shall not organize to enforce that administration which officials shamefully neglect. The peace of the community is really maintained by the innumerable interests of the people; its main support lies in the fact that no one wishes to make war upon his neighbor, certain that if he does so he will suffer retaliation in kind. Self-interest is the great authority which we all obey, and which is more potent than any thing else to hold communities together.

In the reorganization of political parties now certain to come, there will be fitting opportunity for the promulgation of the principles here set forth. The American people are profoundly impressed with the belief that government has no right to interpose in their religious beliefs; better than any people in the world they understand and recognize this principle; hence, it would not be difficult to lead them to apply the same rule to other things. Let our thinkers, our philosophers, our lawyers and traders, not fired with political ambition, our honest and intelligent working-men, unite to give organized form to these theories. There are assuredly enough men among us not aspiring to office, but simply anxious for a pure and wise administration of affairs, who would enroll themselves in a party whose motto should be "pure government by means of minimum government." And such a party in time would have a large following. It would suit the real genius of our people, who, while temporarily enamoured of power and centralization in government, have at heart those sentiments of our forefathers which look jealously upon every exercise of authority, and demand the least possible contact of government with the daily affairs of life.

— Among the many notable deaths which have occurred during the first month of the new year, that of JOSHUA LEAVITT, D. D., demands at least a passing notice in our columns, not for his clerical labors—though we have heard that he was a preacher of considerable eloquence and remarkable logical powers—but for his long and able career as a journalist, and his great services as a political economist and reformer. He had passed his seventy-eighth year, but was still a vigorous and elegant writer, and, even up to the day before his death, showed no waning of his intellectual powers. Born in Heath, Massachusetts, in September, 1794, and graduating from Yale College, at the age of twenty, he subsequently taught for a year or

two, then studied and practised law, and, after a time turning his attention to theology, passed through the usual three years' course in the Yale Theological Seminary, was ordained and settled as a Congregational clergyman in Stratford, Connecticut. His four years' pastorate was successful, but he was destined to find his life-work in a widely-different sphere from that of the country pastor. He had the restless, energetic spirit of the reformer in him, and in all directions he was constantly reaching out to make those around him wiser and better, intellectually, socially, and morally. While a law-student, he had prepared a little school-book, entitled "Easy Lessons," which, for wellnigh forty years, did more to awaken thought in the minds of the young than perhaps any other school-book ever written. In Stratford he was constantly trying to improve the character of the schools, not only of the town and county, but of the State. It was at this time that the temperance reform began to assume prominence, and Mr. Leavitt found in that ample scope, for the time, for his reformatory fervor. He was the first secretary and one of the most efficient orators of the American Temperance Society. In 1828 he came to New-York City as secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society, a kindred work of reform and beneficence, and here commenced his editorial career of forty-four years as editor of the *Sailors' Magazine*. Possessing great executive ability and untiring industry, he became the most popular and efficient secretary the Seamen's Friend Society had ever had; establishing chapels and organizing seamen's homes and temperance societies in prominent foreign and domestic ports, and giving to the work of the society a prominence and elevation which greatly furthered its plans. But, like most earnest reformers, he was progressive, constantly doing pioneer work, and, when the people came up to his position, he was ready to strike off into some hitherto untrodden territory. He early took strong ground in favor of the antislavery movement, and in 1831 founded and edited the *New-York Evangelist*, as the organ of liberal and religious reforms. It was outspoken on the subject of slavery, and at one time its boldness lost it a considerable portion of its circulation, but, by a stroke of genius, in reporting the revival lectures of Rev. Charles G. Finney (at that time a new thing for a periodical), Dr. Leavitt more than regained his former circulation, and the paper was again largely successful. The financial crisis of 1837 compelled him to sell the paper, but he immediately commenced editing the *Emancipator*, the organ of the American Antislavery Society, and for ten years he conducted that paper with such ability, that the late John C. Calhoun said it was more dangerous to Southern interests than any other publication in the country. Dr. Leavitt, though devoted heart and soul to any reform in which he took part, was always calm, dignified, and convincing, in

his language, never vituperative or violent, and hence what he said was the more impressive. In 1848, at the founding of the *Independent*, he became its office-editor and manager, and with that paper he was connected until his death. Just before his engagement on the *Independent* he had visited England, and became interested in the labors of Cobden, Bright, and others, in the reforms in progress there. He contributed to their league a "Memoir on Wheat," which was a most powerful instrument in procuring the repeal of the corn laws. England had just then adopted her system of penny postage, and in 1847 Dr. Leavitt established in Boston the first cheap-postage society, and labored zealously for several years thereafter for the fixing of a two-cent rate. The changes which resulted from the Emancipation Proclamation and the amendments to the Constitution, satisfied Dr. Leavitt that there was no further occasion for his active labors on that subject, and, with that facility for turning his attention to new topics, which was his marked characteristic to the close of his life, he began, at about his seventieth year, a new and more critical study of the whole subject of free trade. So thoroughly had he mastered the subject, that, when the Cobden Society of England offered, in 1869, their gold medal as the prize for the best essay on our commercial relations with Great Britain, defending the free-trade doctrines, Dr. Leavitt's essay took the prize over all competitors. In the columns of the *Evening Post*, and in the meetings of the free-trade league, and elsewhere, he was the most logical and eloquent exponent of these doctrines to be found among the host of intellectual men who had embraced them. Dr. Leavitt was in person tall and commanding—a kingly man; in his manner gentle and courteous, and in thought and expression chaste, dignified, and often eloquent. There is not, we believe, a man living who, while constantly maintaining radical and extreme views, could have declared them so unflinchingly as he did, and yet have attached even his opponents to him in warm and hearty friendship.

— Disraeli is the only one who survives of that singularly brilliant galaxy of novelists who succeeded the era during which Sir Walter Scott enjoyed a long and solitary reign. Each of the novelists who divided his empire when Sir Walter died, occupied a separate field of his own; though often these fields bordered closely on each other. Bulwer was the illustrator of the supernatural and the metaphysical, while certain of his stories—notably "Rienzi" and "The Last of the Barons"—rise almost to the rank of prose epics; his style was the richest, fullest, and most rhetorically exuberant of the century. Disraeli was the chronicler of West-End drawing-room life, of the society of nobles and statesmen; and his novels have the political tinge which is one of the elements of the

social sphere which he so deftly photographed. Dickens described humble life, and surpassed all his competitors in his pathos and humor. Thackeray was the prose Juvenal of his time. Charles Lever was the painter of what there was of rollicking fun and of dashing adventure in Irish life and character. Of all these Bulwer began his literary career at the earliest age, and continued at his tasks of imagination during the longest period. When he was fifteen he published his Eastern story "Ismael;" when he was sixty-four he rewrote and republished his poem of "King Arthur." And what strikes one most impressively on glancing over this continuously fertile career, is the versatility of Bulwer's genius. Whatever in the literary art he attempted to achieve, became more or less a thing of grace and beauty; and there were few purely literary departments which he did not at one time or other invade. It is questionable whether his fame is most durably founded on "Pelham," "My Novel," and "The Last of the Barons," upon "Richelieu" and "The Lady of Lyons," or upon those splendid specimens of eloquence with which he now and then held the House of Commons spellbound, despite a voice singularly harsh and grating upon the ear. Bulwer clung to his pen when overwhelmed with domestic discord, nor could the almost total blindness with which he was afflicted in the later years of his life, compel him to forego the delights of authorship. His novels outstripped even those of Dickens in their popularity in foreign countries, and were translated into obscure as well as familiar European tongues; his plays have maintained a constant career of success on the American, English, and French stages; and, were it not for his works of fiction and dramas, which, by their superior excellence, overshadow his poetical efforts, the "Lost Tales of Miletus" and the "New Timon" would be ranked high among the poetical triumphs of his generation. There can be no question that Bulwer's literary works were a labor of enthusiastic love and inspiration; he was one of those writers who revel in the mere luxury of letting loose the floods of their fancy; and the flood of his fancy seemed exhaustless. It is noteworthy that a writer who has left behind him works so voluminous, should leave behind so much that is admirable; for there is little that is not worthy of perusal, and there are some things bearing the unmistakable impress of true genius.

#### MINOR MENTION.

— A benighted son of Albion has found in an "American book" mention of a town called "Frisca," and writes to *Notes and Queries* to inquire if this is a "playful way of naming San Francisco." The oracle has not yet spoken on this momentous subject, so we are in ignorance of what the decision

will be; but, while awaiting judgment, we will mention that, in California's golden spring-time, when life was too short to indulge in the superfluities of language, men adopted a sententious style of speech, to the exclusion of all euphuisms and set forms. The miner, whose every waking hour was devoted to the search for gold, could not spare time to say San Francisco, a word which occurred often in his speech, and it was generally resolved into "Frisco," which we take to be identical with "Frisca." The latter form we have never seen, and, as the correspondent does not mention the book in which he found it, we are forced to the conclusion that he has unwittingly misquoted.

— His royal highness, Nassr-ed-Din, King or Shah of Persia, who rejoices in the additional title of Shah-yn-shah or king of kings, has signified his intention to visit Europe in the spring. This news, trivial in itself, and unworthy of special note in these days remarkable for the interchange of royal and imperial courtesies, assumes a certain degree of interest when we consider that no successor to the title of Cyrus the Great has condescended to enter Europe since the melodramatic and somewhat disastrous visit made by Xerxes, half a thousand years before the Christian era. It is not probable that the present potentate will travel with as much magnificence as his great predecessor, nor that his following will be so large. Times have changed, and Persian resources are not what they once were. If he should move with half the population of his kingdom, men, women, and children, he could not equal the great host which accompanied Xerxes to Greece, where it met with such incivility at the hands of the children of Hellen. Perhaps the remembrance of this ancient discourtesy to his forefathers is the reason that Nassr-ed-Din does not include Athens in the list of European capitals to be graced by his royal presence.

— The astrologers of China, who, by imperial command, have been studying the stars of late for the purpose of selecting a lucky day on which his Celestial majesty, Tung-Che, may assume sovereign powers, have decided that the auspicious time will occur on the twenty-sixth day of the first moon of the present year, that is, on February 23, 1873. This young prince, who will then become the head of the largest empire, Russia excepted, that the world has known, will be eighteen years old next April. He has been on the "dragon's throne," nominally, since 1861, but he has been under the tutelage of the co-regents, the Empress-dowager Tzi-an and the Empress-mother Tzi-ssi, who have been the actual rulers. He now purposes assuming all the sovereign powers in his own right. As soon as he does this, it is possible that complications may arise in the Celestial realm which will render his new position less agreeable than his present one. Since the treaties of Tien-Tsin in 1858, foreign ambassadors have been permitted to reside in Peking, but all requests for a formal audience at the palace have been uniformly met with the plea of the emperor's minority. This has been received hitherto as an adequate reason, but, as soon as Tung-Che becomes

emperor in fact, it is probable that this excuse will no longer be accepted. Whether he will accede gracefully to the demands of the "barbarians," or will continue the ancient policy of exclusion, does not yet appear; but late advices from the Flowery Kingdom seem to prove that the Chinese are making ready for some emergency. They are arming the Taku forts with Krupp guns, and are completing the fortifications at the mouth of the Peiho and in other places up the river with torpedoes. Foreign officers are being gradually supplanted by natives, a new flag has been adopted superseding the many provincial ensigns, and all powers are being consolidated as far as possible in the hands of the central government. If the audience question should lead to another conflict with foreign powers, the latter will find in the Chinese of to-day worthier antagonists than those who fought the "foreign devils" with gongs and stink-pots in the years gone by. The Celestials are peculiar in their notions, and are wedded in some degree to the traditions of the past; but they are none too conservative to learn, even from their enemies, particularly when the lesson is taught them through the mouths of improved orance.

— The London *Saturday Review* meets the question of spiritualism squarely and fairly as follows: "If there is any thing in spiritualism nothing could be easier than to demonstrate its truth. Why do we believe, it is asked, in the revelations of the electric telegraph? Because we submit them to crucial experiments every day and every hour of the day. Why don't we believe in the revelations of mediums? Because they always evade a crucial experiment. Take a simple case, President Lincoln's assassination was known throughout America within an hour or two after it had happened. Subsequent evidence, of course, confirmed the truth of the report. If a spiritualist had announced the event in England before it had come to us by any ordinary means (the submarine telegraph was not then laid down), we should have been convinced instantaneously that spiritualists possessed some mysterious power. If, in fact, they possess the means of knowing what is happening at distant times and places, they can place the reality of their claims beyond all conceivable cavil. They can prove their power fifty times a day. But any one proof would be sufficient. If a single revelation were made, such as that of Lincoln's assassination, it would be enough. Why has no such proof ever been given? For the simple reason that the power does not exist."

— We recall an occasion when a clairvoyant was subjected to a test as logical and direct as that proposed by the *Review* for the spiritualists. The fellow was lecturing upon second-sight, and pretending to be able, under certain conditions, to see what was going on in other places. After the lecture a gentleman approached him, and asked if he would reply to a few questions. Assent was given. "Will you tell me why you charge admission to your lectures?" "To pay expenses." "But also probably for profit?" After a little hesitation it was admitted that profit was not out of the consideration.

"But, judging from your gathering to-night, your profits are not more than twenty-five or thirty dollars a night?" "No, not more." "Well, sir," continued his interrogator, "that is odd, because, if you possess the power you say you do, you could readily make your fortune." "Why, how so?" "Meet me, sir, to-morrow morning in Wall Street" (this was during the war, at the time of great fluctuations in the price of gold), "and if you can give certain gentlemen I will have to meet you information as to the movements of the army, or other intelligence calculated to influence the price of gold, I will guarantee you a hundred thousand dollars in three days. Why, sir, with the power you pretend to exercise, you could make yourself king of Wall Street in a week." The lecturer had no more to say; he was, of course, unable to stand the test. And this is the way to bring all pretensions of the kind to book. During the war, when Lee's army had on one occasion shifted its ground, the utmost anxiety existed to know its whereabouts, and one of our city journals urged the spiritualists to hasten to Grant's headquarters, where their occult powers would command any price they might demand. The spiritualists remained at home, and Grant had to search out Lee's position by earthly means.

Barnum's notion of utilizing the drop-curtain of his theatre as a medium for advertising has been copied in London, with certain original notions, which show that the English manager knows how to better his instructions. Not only may the enterprising dealer display his card upon the curtain, but be assured of favorable mention in the scenes of the play. This idea is really a stroke of genius. Dramatic art will have arrived at a high standing when these innovations become general. How gratifying to the inquiring mind it would be to see our meaningless drop-curtain pictures, with their distorted perspective, and impossible lights and shades, give place to interesting announcements of the respective merits of Sorodont and Buchu, of Horse-Liniment and the Bloom of Youth! When that happy era shall have dawned, the time now wasted in criticising one's neighbors, or in yawning responsively to the rasping of orchestral fiddles, will be devoted to the acquisition of valuable information. No theatre-goer can then complain of not getting the full worth of his money, for something interesting and useful to each will be provided. *Paterfamilias* and his better half can there weigh the merits of the different providers for the household, and note where to save the nimble sixpence; while Augustus gives his whole mind to the latest thing in trousers and cravats; and Belinda and Angelina can discuss cosmetics and chignons, with all the statistics before them. And, when the scene is set, how many valuable facts may not be imparted by an actor of genius! Lord Dunderbary can inform his audience where he buys his cigars, his brandy, and his dressing-gowns, without interrupting the action of the play; heart-broken Romeo, before draining the phial beside the tomb of the Capulets (on which the undertaker's and the marble-cutter's cards may appropriately be inscribed) can mention the learned apothecary who composed the

draught that is to end his woes, without lessening the interest of the scene; and Hamlet, in his interview with the ghost of his father, can give point to his words, and useful information to his hearers, by gracefully pointing to Aaron's or Levi's golden balls as he exclaims: "O my prophetic soul, my uncle!" Indeed, there is no end to the agreeable surprises that might be planned by a versatile actor. To introduce information artistically and naturally, so as to conceal the fact of the interpolation, will require, of course, some skill and tact; but almost any actor or actress of even moderate gifts will be able to master the art with conscientious practice.

A new epigrammatic phrase is sometimes more potent with the general public than the most logical argument. A tendency recently exhibited in England to regulate by government a hundred minor affairs of life, even to making horse-play a penal offence, prohibiting betting and card-playing, shutting up inns at eleven o'clock, etc., has been characterized by Mr. Vernon Harcourt, in a stinging epigram, as "grandmotherly government." This happy phrase will live, and will awaken more people to what this spirit of governmental interference really is, than would a score of demonstrations.

The annual reports of the Boston public schools indicate, each year, at once the steady maintenance of the high standard which long ago won for them wide reputation, and a progress necessary in times when what was excellent yesterday, needs reform and improvement to-day. Able superintendence has brought the Boston school system to an order, method, and efficiency, which are afterward betrayed at Harvard, whither many of the school graduates go to pursue their curriculum. This year's report is, like all of them, interesting to any one to whom the subject of education is attractive. Mr. Philbrick tells us that there are now thirty districts, containing five high-schools, thirty-seven grammar-schools, three hundred and thirty-five primary schools, two "licensed minor" schools, one for deaf-mutes, one "Kindergarten" (object-teaching), and eleven evening-schools. While the numbers in the primary schools during the last six months of 1872 have slightly diminished from the previous half year, being fourteen thousand six hundred and ten, against fourteen thousand six hundred and sixty, those in attendance on the grammar-schools have increased from nineteen thousand two hundred and ninety-seven to nineteen thousand nine hundred and fourteen. The project of what are called "special schools" has received further and successful experiment. Among these, the most recent are the evening drawing-schools, which are being established in all the principal Massachusetts towns, under the direction of a distinguished English master. Of these, there are two in Boston, one devoted to free-hand, and the other to mechanical drawing; the first is supplied with four teachers, and has about one hundred and seventy scholars; the latter six teachers, with two hundred pupils. The tendency is evidently in the direction of more careful physical as well as mental development; there are drill-masters for the high-schools, and exercises of a gymnastic nature

in all, or nearly all. Meanwhile, the superintendent, not content with the results already obtained, is urging further reforms, insists upon it that the rules in regard to studying at home should be strictly observed, and protests against the school-girls carrying heavy satchels of books back and forth every day. The "Kindergarten" system thrives under the zealous and judicious care of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and may be said to have fully proved its usefulness as an auxiliary to the longer-established and ordinary methods of imparting instruction in elementary forms.

A correspondent has discovered that the slang phrase, "too thin," now so prevalent, is to be found in Shakespeare—as, indeed, might have been expected. King Henry VIII. rates Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, as follows:

"You were ever good at sudden commendations, Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not To hear such flattery now; and, in my presence, They are too thin and base to hide offences."

## The Drama.

THE new play of "Alixé," at Mr. Daly's new and handsome Fifth Avenue Theatre, which is at once so notably a charm and a pathetic shock, unites elements strikingly illustrative of French character and genius. It affords us pictures of life that possess the supreme grace of refinement and fastidious elegance which mark the higher classes of France, and brings in sudden contrast that pagan inspiration which appears so conspicuously in French art and veins the French character. Alixé is a beautiful, innocent, but passionately-loving French girl; she is loved by a man who is betrothed to another; she admires and loves her mother with romantic and zealous fervor. But suddenly comes the revelation that she is the illegitimate daughter of her mother; that the young woman betrothed to the man she loves is her elder and legitimate sister, whom her mother has seen after twenty years of separation and longs to embrace and love. In an instant all Alixé's hopes are wrecked. Her illegitimacy is a bar to her marriage; the love she has won threatens to be a mortal blow to her sister; and this sister is supplanting her in the affections of her mother. Then rises the natural pagan passion of death; she flings herself into a brook, and is found by her lover floating upon the stream, with flowers in her hair and in her hand. But this outline of plot gives the reader no conception of the perfect art with which the story is told. The play is a succession of scenes of the nicest and most adroit construction; the characters, the incidents, the situations, are not only fresh and effective, but they are adapted to the requirements of the stage with an insight and skill of which our native dramatists seem to have no measure of conception. And, fortunately, it is admirably played at Mr. Daly's—with an almost perfection of grace and ease in the lighter scenes, and with a quiet earnestness in the others that is full of dramatic effectiveness. Miss Clara Morris, as Alixé, gives a marvellously perfect picture—one the spectator will not soon forget. We knew, before, this young lady's power in pathetic and emotional passages; in this play she shows with what delicacy and charming naturalness she can present the lighter phases of character. Her emotional power is more magnetic, more completely an outcome of strong and genuine feeling, than we find in any other actress; her art is only defective in



an occasional monotony of delivery; but the strength and yet modesty of her passionate expression gives to her tragic scenes an intensity that thrills and subdues her auditors. How this lady would satisfy in the great dramatic characters, we cannot say; there is just a doubt of her intellectual strength for many of them; but, for the serious domestic drama, she seems to us unequalled. "Alixé" is well played throughout; Miss Fanny Morant is admirable; Mr. George Clarke is finished and excellent—all are good, and the play is beautifully mounted.

Mr. Booth followed Richard, at his theatre, with Howard Payne's "Brutus." This highly-wrought and painful tragedy belongs to the fierce and ferocious era of the drama. It has three or four well-constructed and effective scenes; but these one-string tragedies, with their gloomy monotone of feeling, wear upon the nerves, and exhaust the spectator's power of sympathy. Mr. Booth's Brutus is well and carefully studied. No detail is omitted, no shade of expression neglected, no elaboration of business overlooked. There is evident a determined effort to work up to the requirements of the situation. But, with all the many well-considered points, with a clear appreciation of the character, with an artistic mastery of the many passionate scenes and speeches, there still remains a somewhat cold and studied picture of the Roman. Mr. Booth does not, in appearance or in general manner, suggest the character; and hence, while intellectually assenting to the many excellences of the performance, the auditor is not fully aroused to the passions of the scenes.

There would seem to be no chance of the spectacle dying out. "Leo and Lotus" continues to dazzle the multitude at Niblo's, and, at the Grand Opera-House, the famous "Catastrophe of the Ganges" has been revived. Of course the scenery is gorgeous—that is easy enough to obtain nowadays; and the dance, and the music, and the processions, and the real cascades, and the costumes, are all dazzling and effective. We all have an odd way of talking about public taste, public ignorance, public appreciation, as if there were but one public. There are, in truth, a score of publics. One public is now hanging in ecstasy over the spectacles; another is delighting in the artistic beauty of "Alixé;" another, with somewhat similar tastes, finds its delight in Sothen's "Uncle Sam;" another can absolutely discover amusement at the negro-minstrel places; another is devoted to the musical geniuses—and so on. The spectacle-public is a large one in New York, and its appetite is not easily appeased.

### Literary Notes.

**T**HACKERAY used to speak with a quaint reverence of Mr. Congreve, Mr. Addison, Mr. Pope, and the conventional title had an odd appropriateness; we talk of Mr. Tennyson now and then, and Mr. Wordsworth is familiar to our elders; but, for some reason or other, as we are about to write the name, it seems to us that to say Mr. William Morris is no more fitting than to talk of Mr. Geoffrey Chaucer. This little shock, that any conventional treatment of his name gives to one who has dreamed the world-old dreams with the effortless melody of Morris's verse for company, is the slightest among many signs of the new singer's power. It is harder to give him proper personality than to picture to ourselves almost any other writer. We do not think of

him as a competitor among poets, a prey for critics, a seeker for the favor of his "public;" for he seems to write as Chaucer wrote—for pure pleasure of thought and melody, for pure, healthful, happy dreaming. "He sees," says one of his ablest reviewers, "the world again as the old child-like poets saw it, before the idea of 'law' had been brought forth with so much travail . . . and the beauty which his poem has is, therefore, the old fresh beauty, sketched without laborious analysis, due to a visionary eye and a lovely universe, not the beauty of metaphysical subtlety or artistic skill." "Artistic skill falsely so called," he should have said; for of the truest art Morris's thought and expression are full. We have been betrayed into generalities while meaning only to speak of "Love is Enough," the just-published volume from his pen—one more of the proofs he has given that his great fecundity is justified by the power that remains behind. And, after all, the generalities are all that we can hope to say here of this, as of his earlier books, for they apply to all he writes. Not that "Love is Enough" is as wonderful a melody of dreaming as his "Jason," the best of all his works; but the same characteristics are in it; the same power, above all, of expressing what no other man seems to us to have so perfectly conveyed—the vague, intangible sadness that adds the crown to the highest forms of joy, and the mingling of gladness and regret so subtle that the most idealistic of the metaphysicians has never dared to give it analysis. Indeed, it sometimes seems to us that the expression of these ideas, of which every human being is half conscious, forms the very key-note of Morris's works. In argument, "Love is Enough" is the story of a long search, of a king "whom nothing but love might satisfy, who left all to seek love, and, having found it, found this also, that he had enough, though he lacked all else."

If Mr. Stanley, on his return from the Livingstone expedition, was met by some doubt and incredulity, he surely had himself to thank for a great part of this reception. The too free use of the pronoun "I," especially in connection with an enterprise ostensibly undertaken through unselfish devotion to a good cause, has not a tendency to make one look upon the traveller who uses it with that instinctive confidence with which one reads or hears the narratives of more modest men. The title of Mr. Stanley's book, "How I found Livingstone in Central Africa," would seem in itself to show that the author had not succeeded in keeping this perhaps harmless, but certainly unfortunate peculiarity of self-appreciation out of his published account, even when writing, as one may say, in cold blood, and not in the midst of the first flattering applause. And his book confirms the impression given by its title. "How I found Livingstone," not "How Livingstone was found," or any milder form of the aggressive statement—this is the key in which the book is set. Mr. Stanley has done a really brave and deserving thing, one that he need not be afraid to leave to the judgment of the world; and it is this that makes us regret the fault that we have noted in all his accounts of his exploit. The constant challenging of admiration, the somewhat disputatious way in which he has met discussion of his theories and statements, these seem to us to belong rather to the man who has done little and needs to magnify it, than to him who has done much. With the plan of Mr. Stanley's book and the facts of his narrative the public is already familiar, as nearly every part of its contents has, at one time or another, appeared in print, either in the shape of *Herald* letters

or reports of lectures; and we have confined our comment to the expression of what we are sure has suggested itself many times to the readers of his detached correspondence, but strikes one still more forcibly now that it is thus collected. (Scribner.)

It is a new thing for Mrs. Oliphant to write an "intense" story; the "Chronicles of Carlingford" and her admirable "Miss Marjoribanks," seemed to show that she excelled in other things than the creation of an elaborate plot and the delineation of exciting incident. But in "At his Gates" she has given us a novel with both these elements; and she has unquestionably been remarkably successful. We do not agree with her English critics in considering this book her best, but it is certainly entitled to a high place on the list. There is, however, something inartistic, and it seems to us unnecessary, in the management of one portion of the story; the reappearance of Robert Drummond, the artist whose suicide we are led to suppose at the beginning of the book, just in time to take part in the dénouement. In causing him to reappear to give his share of the general forgiveness, and add his measure to the charity accorded the malevolent banker who brought about his ruin, we suspect Mrs. Oliphant of having indulged a natural wish to make everybody happy at the expense of her appreciation of art and probability. For we do not see the need of Drummond's return, and think the story would have been as perfect if the fact that he was alive were left unrevealed. But the plot thus arranged would have given no opportunity for some of the best descriptive passages in the book, and we are perhaps hypercritical, after all. "At his Gates" forms the first volume of a library of popular fiction, to be published by Messrs. Scribner & Co.

Dr. I. Ray's "Contributions to Mental Pathology" (Little, Brown & Co.) is a work on insanity, its causes, and treatment; and we have only been able, of course, to examine it as a layman must, and not with the judgment that the most ill-informed of Dr. Ray's professional brethren could give better than we. At the same time, the work is evidently written in some degree for popular reading, and, in looking at it from the point of view of the ordinary reader, we must confess that one portion of it, that on the causes of insanity, does not convey a very clear impression of the author's theory to our mind, but seems to leave us in some doubt as to what he means to point out as the primal reasons of mental disease. That he insists upon more than ordinary importance for the theory of inherited disease, we understand, but surely there must be some more remote causes which he has in mind also! For the rest, Dr. Ray's book seems to us a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, and many of its chapters are full of excellent suggestions.

The design of "Stones of the Temple; or, Lessons from the Fabric and Furniture of the Church," by Walter Field, M. A., is best explained in the author's preface. "The following chapters," says Mr. Field, "are an attempt to explain, in very simple language, the history and use of those parts of the Church's fabric with which most persons are familiar. They are not written with a view to assist the student of ecclesiastical art and architecture—for which purpose the works of many learned writers are available—but simply to inform those who, from having paid little attention to such pursuits, or from early prejudice, may have misconceived the origin and design of much that is beautiful and instructive in God's

Houssé." A thread of narrative runs through the chapters by which Mr. Field aims to illustrate his topic. It is not impossible that many readers may quarrel with the almost excessive simplicity of the writer's style; but the book is full of good suggestions and explanations, and its aim will be very widely appreciated. (D. Appleton & Co.)

### Scientific Notes.

IN a paper on "Three Different Modes of Teething among Seladrians," read before the National Academy of Science, Prof. Agassiz, in a brief notice of the development theory, referred to "the endless series of anachronisms which were being made by the supporters of the transmutation doctrine. The conditions, which occupied a certain place in the series, to be derived one from another should," he states, "be consecutive in time, which is not the case. When it should appear that these different features fall in time, as they may appear to fall in their connection by similarity, then there would be some ground for the inference of a gradual change." As the development theory was further characterized as a "mire of mere assertion," it is evident that the supporters of Darwin have opposed to them a positive as well as powerful enemy. At a subsequent meeting of the same body, Professor Agassiz gave a detailed report of his observations during the Haasler Expedition, referring, at length, to the discovery of glaciers and glacial phenomena in South America. Regarding the character of these, our readers have already been fully informed. At the close of this address, Professor Agassiz reiterated and confirmed his belief in the glacial theory, which he has so long and ardently supported, as follows: He would make a statement which he expected "would not be accepted for many years: it was that all our mountains below eleven thousand feet had been scored over by the great sea of ice; that the whole range of the Rocky Mountains had been under ice, with only a few prominent peaks, perhaps, rising above the fields of ice; that the great ice-sheet could not have been less than ten or twelve thousand feet thick, and might have been thicker." In the Andes he had become acquainted with signs of glacial action twelve thousand feet above the sea.

Having already heartily commended the action of our collegiate institutions, in organizing and dispatching to distant points scientific expeditions, composed of under-graduates and their professors, it is with pleasure that we announce the safe return of the Yale College expedition, which, under the leadership and professional guidance of Professor Marsh, passed the months of November and December in a geological exploration of the Western mountain-regions. They bring back with them a large number of vertebrate fossils, from the Cretaceous and Tertiary formations of the West, including many new and interesting mammals, birds, and reptiles. Among the treasures secured during the present trip, was a nearly entire skeleton of *Hesperornis regalis*, Marsh, the gigantic diving-bird of the Cretaceous period. Not the least important service rendered by such an expedition, undertaken at this untimely season, is that it put to a severe test the nerves and energies of a class of young men who are not always credited with the physical powers they really possess, and thus, in the successful termination of this venture, we have fresh evidence that the mental training of our colleges is not forced at the expense of the student's

physical energies. Wanting in neither zeal nor pluck, their success is worthy of national congratulation.

In a former number of the JOURNAL, there was given a condensed report of certain investigations, by Dr. F. Crace Calvert, "On the Power which certain Substances possess of preventing Putrefaction and the Development of Protoplasmic Life and Mouldiness." In continuation of these experimental tests, Dr. Calvert has recently observed that sulphate of quinine and sulphur, though they did not hinder the development of vibriones, entirely prevented the formation of moulds in the standard albuminous solution. "This fact," the writer states, "united with the remarkable efficacy of sulphate of quinine in cases of intermittent fever, leads to the supposition that this malady is due to the introduction into the animal economy of the like of what we now call mouldiness, and this explanation seems yet more probable if we recollect that these fevers only exist in marshy countries where an abundant decomposition of vegetable matter is produced, and that they do not appear in dry countries, even in the midst of a numerous population, where the air is unwholesome and where the putrefaction of animal matter is abundant."

We learn, from the *American Naturalist*, that the herbarium of Columbia College, in this city, is to have added to it the collection of Dr. Meissner, the distinguished professor of the University of Basle. This herbarium, which has in part already arrived, is secured to the college through the liberality of J. J. Crooke, Esq., a wealthy amateur scientist of this city. The present herbarium of the college is the invaluable one of Dr. John Torrey, and is especially rich in typical specimens. With the proposed addition it is said that it will be the largest herbarium in the country. In view of this fact, and particularly when the combustible nature of these collections is considered, it becomes a question of the gravest importance to obtain for the herbarium a suitable fire-proof building, and it is hoped that the trustees of Columbia College will delay no longer than absolutely necessary the consideration of this matter.

Upon a map, "published according to act of Parliament, March 7th, 1771," and issued with an old volume of "Kalm's Travels in North America," there is a point on the Alleghany River, about eight miles above French Creek, designated by a (†), and marked "petroleum." In view of this early announcement, it is somewhat surprising that nearly a century should have passed before this valuable natural product should have been rendered available.

Professor Huxley has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen by a considerable majority over the Marquis of Huntley—a result which the editor of *Nature* regards as a satisfactory evidence of the estimation in which eminence in science is held by the younger minds in Scotland.

We learn from *Nature* that a society has been formed in England, under the title of the National Health Society, the object of which shall be to help every man and woman, rich and poor, to know for himself and herself, and to carry out practically around them, the best conditions of healthy living.

The Russian *Official Gazette* makes the announcement that a diploma of honor has been conferred upon Baron Liebig for the application

of his knowledge of theoretical chemistry to practical purposes.

M. Pouchet, celebrated as a leading champion of the doctrine of spontaneous generation, so vigorously opposed by Pasteur, died in Paris, on the 6th of December last.

### Home and Foreign Notes.

AN American adventuress, giving her name as Maria Graindorge, has been arrested in Paris on the following charge of impudent and ingenious swindling: She appeared well dressed, and with a very handsome baby in her arms, at the houses of wealthy Parisians, asking to see the proprietor. As soon as she was admitted to his presence, she would rush at him, exclaiming, "Traitor! wretch! villain! have I found you at last!" At the same time, the handsome baby, having been trained for that purpose, would extend its little arms toward the astonished gentleman, and cry, "Papa, dear papa!" It may be imagined that "papa" preferred to give the swindler some money in order to make her leave the house. When she was arrested at her residence in the Rue Duvivier, no fewer than seven trained babies were found in the house, also nine or ten thousand francs in money. Mlle Graindorge, upon being closely pressed by the examining magistrate, confessed that her real name was Oaks; that she was a native of New York; and that she had been before at the Saint-Lazare prison. The Paris Assizes found her guilty, and she was sent for seven years to New Caledonia.

M. Durny, son of the former French Minister of Public Instruction under the Second Empire, has published a card, in which he says: "The Emperor Napoleon III. authorized my father, as far back as 1865, to prepare a bill for compulsory primary education. When my father had drawn it up, and the bill was about to be submitted to the Council of State, M. Rouher called upon him, and urged him to withdraw it. My father refused, relying on the emperor's word. A note from the imperial cabinet then came, ordering the withdrawal of the bill. My father tendered his resignation. The emperor wrote him a complimentary letter, without referring to the bill. Then my father said to me bitterly, 'Toujours des mensonges!' (Always lies!)"

During the past year three hundred and ninety-seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight persons availed themselves of the privileges of the free reading-room of the Cooper Union. The library was opened for the first time on Sunday, October 6th, and during that month the average attendance was seven hundred. In November the average Sunday attendance was eight hundred, and in December it increased to one thousand. There are ten thousand volumes in the library, and two hundred and seventy-seven periodicals and papers on file. The majority of the readers are working men and women.

The *Lancet* thinks that night-work is not injurious to adults, certain conditions being observed, the principal of which are that the hours of sleep should not be curtailed, and that the light should be white, powerful, and steady, and concentrated by a shade on the work. It is argued that insufficient, flickering, or too diffused light, is one of the most serious causes of the brain-irritation which afflicts night-workers. Abundant nutriment, and a moderate use of stimulants, are recommended, including the use of tobacco to those with whom it agrees.

A society has been formed in New York to provide decent apparel for children whose parents are too poor to clothe them suitably to attend the public-schools. There are at least twenty-four thousand vacant seats in the schools, and the children who would fill them for the most part attend charity-schools, where clothing and in some instances dinners are provided for them. But these charity-schools are partially sustained by State aid, whereas their expenses should be wholly met by their proprietors.

Never since the Central Park was first laid out, have the trees suffered so much as by the severe storms that have prevailed during the month of January. Some of the finest American elms on the Mall have been utterly destroyed, while many others have lost large branches. The grand old elm directly opposite to the Lenox Library, the pride of the park, has also suffered very severely, as is the case with the large trees near the Morse statue, and the group of venerable willows not far distant on the other side of the drive.

Francis Joseph of Austria has done a good thing. He offers a prize of five thousand florins to the journalist who will write the best editorial on Austrian affairs in the German language. Said editorial is not to contain more than one thousand words. It is immaterial what political party the writer belongs to. The Vienna papers think that there will be several thousand competitors for the prize.

The National Life-boat Institution of Great Britain saved 549 lives by their life-boats during 1872, and rescued 25 ships from destruction. Rewards were also granted to fishermen and others for saving lives to the number of 170. Since its formation, the institution has saved in all 21,465 lives, and have expended in awards £38,000, and granted 923 gold and silver medals.

In Palgrave's work on "Central and Eastern Arabia" a plant is described which grows in Arabia only, the seeds of which, pulverized and taken in small doses, produce an effect similar to laughing-gas. Those to whom it is administered laugh and dance and perform various antics in the exuberance of their joy, after which they fall asleep, and awaking are totally unconscious of what has passed.

It is said that Miss Hosmer, who is working away diligently at Rome, has received many orders for her head of Medusa. Instead of treating it in the conventional style, making a repulsive picture, small wings nestle in the tresses surrounding a charming face, and the bust alone is entwined with snakes in necklace fashion.

The real name of themorganatic wife of King Victor Emmanuel, whom he now tries to put as his queen upon the throne of Italy, was Rosina Verocellana. She was of very lowly descent, and, when Victor Emmanuel first made her acquaintance in 1846, she was unable to read and write.

During the last ten years, the population of New Jersey has increased at the rate of thirty-five per cent., that of Pennsylvania at twenty-one, while the population of New York has increased only at the rate of thirteen per cent.

An Oswego coal-merchant, who has been burned out three times, has ordered a fire-proof office, to be mounted on wheels, so that it can be set in motion at an instant's warning. In view of the recent experiences, others will be tempted to follow his example.

The prominent German literary periodicals open the New Year with the following circulation: *Gartenlaube*, 330,000 copies; *Daheim*, 110,000; *Illustrirte Zeitung*, 48,000; *Stuttgarter Illustrirte News*, 125,000 copies; *Kladderadatsch*, 51,000 copies.

President Thiers's new library embraces one hundred and twenty thousand volumes. They are all uniformly bound in green cloth, except his own works, which his publishers have presented to him bound in the most splendid crimson velvet with gold rims.

Dr. Livingstone is to be presented with a massive gold medal by the Italian Government. The medal was to be ready by the 3d instant, and consigned to Sir Bartle Frere to present it to the great traveller in person, or to forward it by some safe hand.

The Modocs are a small band of wandering Indians in Southern Oregon. Up to the attempt to locate them upon a reservation, they were peaceful enough, being friendly with the few settlers they came in contact with.

Rosza Sander, the Hungarian bandit, has again been sentenced to imprisonment for life, and been returned to the subterranean dun-

geon at Kufstein, where he once passed eight years in complete darkness.

The Queen of Belgium has five trained horses, which are said to be the most valuable animals of that kind in the world. She has refused one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for four of them.

A locksmith at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, has invented a pistol, which, he claims, can be fired off twenty-five times in one minute. He has offered his invention to the Minister of War in Vienna for sixty thousand florins.

Only four of the New-York dailies, the *Times*, the *Express*, the *News*, and the *Journal of Commerce*, are regularly delivered to subscribers in Russia. Most of the other journals are confiscated at least four times a week.

Dr. Louis Buchner, the philosopher, who is now lecturing in the United States, writes to the *Gartenlaube* that most of the daily papers in New-York City have a circulation of upward of one hundred thousand copies!

At a recent sale at Paris, a gold snuffbox, adorned with microscopic pictures of several French poets, and presented to Louis XIV. by the city of Bordeaux, was bid off at twelve thousand francs.

King John of Saxony has, during his long life, written sixteen books, most of them translations from the Italian and English. His translation of Dante is considered the best existing in German literature.

There are but two French students at the University of Strasbourg. One of them attends the lectures of Dr. von Holst, formerly of New York, on American history.

The cañon of Tuolumne River, where it finds its way through the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California, is said to rival the far-famed Yosemite in grandeur of scenery.

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

**JANUARY 18.**—Mejia, the Mexican Minister of War, resigns, and General Escobedo is appointed in his stead.

The Iowa Lands Bill passes the House, confirming titles to lands to the Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

**JANUARY 20.**—Messrs. Onslow and Whalley, members of the British Parliament, are fined one hundred pounds each for accusing Sir John Duke Coleridge of conspiring against the Tichborne claimant.

The French pilot of the steamship *Germany*, wrecked off the mouth of the Gironde, is held responsible by the investigating court.

The Italian Government resolves upon measures to prevent the frauds practised on emigrants to America.

The Bankruptcy Act is repealed in the House of Representatives; and a resolution adopted, ordering the payment of members' expenses whose seats had been contested.

The epizootic prevails at Salt Lake, Utah. Death, in London, of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, a distinguished English theologian.

Clarence Lookwood, a printer, shot in New York by Marshall Magruder.

**JANUARY 21.**—The circular of the minister of public instruction, on educational reform, is approved in the French Assembly by a vote of four hundred and twenty yeas to thirty-five nays.

The court-martial at Algiers sentence to death eight of the perpetrators of the Palestro massacre, and thirty-seven to imprisonment. President Thiers commutes the sentence of death, passed on ten Communists, to imprisonment for life.

Report of the severe defeat of the Russians by the Urganj allies of the Khivans.

Death, in London, of the Rt. Hon. Stephen Lushington, D. C. L.

Installation of Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania.

Rosecoe Conkling reflected to the United

States Senate by the New-York Legislature, and Judge Curtis acquitted.

The Court of Appeals refuse to grant a new trial to Foster, the "car-hook murderer," of New York.

The National Prison Association commence their second session at Baltimore.

Intelligence of the defeat of the United States troops under General Wheaton, by the Modoc Indians, near Tule Lake, Oregon; fourteen soldiers killed, and twenty-three wounded. Reports of successful engagements with the Apaches, near the Black Cañon, Arizona.

Death, in Boston, of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis.

Charles Phyer shot in Chatham Street, New York, by Michael Nixon.

**JANUARY 22.**—Three Communists are shot on the plain of Satory.

The indemnification of slave-holders in Porto Rico is decided upon by the Spanish-Cortes committee, emancipation to be complete four months after the passage of the bill.

Advices of a diabolical attempt to assassinate the President of Peru, and of the arrest and confession of the conspirators.

Intelligence of the formal betrothal, on the 16th inst., of the hereditary Prince of Egypt and the daughter of Elhani Pacha, at the court of the khédive.

Mr. Oakes Ames makes acknowledgments, before the Crédit-Mobilier Committee, seemingly inculcating Vice-President Colfax and many Congressmen.

A bill to increase the navy, and the bill abolishing the franking privilege from the 1st of July proximo, pass the Senate. A substitute bill from the Judiciary Committee is reported, regulating the distribution of the Geneva award.

The House votes an appropriation to supply the deficiency for the expenses of the United States Mixed Commission on American and British Claims.

Intelligence of details of the terrible snow-storm of the 7th, 8th, and 9th inst., in the Northwest. Many persons frozen on their way home on the 7th. Snow hurricane lasts fifty hours. Drifts in many places higher than the houses. Fearful loss of life. Railroads everywhere blocked; loss of live-stock very great.

**JANUARY 23.**—The Australian emigrant-ship *Northfleet*, bound from London to Hobart-town, lying at anchor off Dungeness, is run down and sunk at midnight by an unknown steamer. A dreadful panic ensues, and firearms are used to quell it. Only ninety-seven are reported saved out of four hundred and twelve souls on board. The steamer goes on her way, affording no aid, and the English Government offers a reward for the discovery of her name.

The French Assembly pass a bill prescribing severe penalties for drunkenness.

Ten members of the International Society arrested in France.

A financial swindle, implicating parties in high positions, discovered at Paris.

Mr. Onslow, member of British Parliament, arrested for contempt of court in repeating his charges against Sir John Duke Coleridge.

Report that M. Conti, Italian minister in Washington, will be recalled on account of his conduct toward Italian immigrants in New York.

Installation of Governor Beveridge, of Illinois.

The Senate appropriates thirty thousand dollars for the investigation of elections in Louisiana, Kansas, and Arkansas.

The House orders further investigation of railroad legislation. Appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars is passed for the Vienna Exposition.

Death, at Albany, N. Y., of William Cassidy, distinguished journalist.

Severe snow-storms in the United States, North and West. Trains blocked in many places.

**JANUARY 24.**—Navy Appropriation Bill passed in the House.

Act abolishing grades of admiral and vice-admiral in the U. S. Navy signed by the president.

Advance of gold to 114; rise in government securities.

One thousand troops leave Cadix to re-enforce Spanish army in Cuba.





THE BAZAAR AT SUEZ.—See Page 210.

**FACTS FOR THE LADIES.**

MRS. SARAH J. FREDERICKS, Toledo, Ohio, has used sewing machines for seventeen years, the last ten years Wheeler & Wilson's Lock-Stitch, and finds it far better than the other kinds; it runs lighter, with less fatigue, and holds a truer tension. She has used it for all kinds of dressmaking and fancy work. See the new Improvements and Wood's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

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